

THE WAR GRY

AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year, No. 11.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"YOUR SWORD FIRST!"

(See Article, page 8.)

CONSCIENCE.

It is God's spy and intelligence in our bosoms and bed-chambers, a most exact notary of everything we think or do. It is His lieutenant and under Him the principal commander and chief controller of man's life; yea, every man's God in that sense that Moses was Aaron's. It is the surest prognostication and pre-judgment of God's last judgment; and best assurance within a man's own breast foretelling him what will become of him at that day.—Adams.

SAVED BY A LETTER.

A godless man who stopped to listen to a Salvation Army meeting was greatly impressed by the song, "Dark shadows are falling," which was sung as a solo. The words unfolded the plan of salvation and revealed the love of God clearer than anything else he had ever heard. Some time after this the man received the same song enclosed in a letter. Again he pondered over the words, which proved to be the power of God unto salvation in his case. On his knees, in the privacy of his bed-room, the man gave himself body and soul to God. To-day he is a Salvationist in East London, and he often encloses this good old song when he is sending letters to his friends. As is well known, these striking verses were composed by Field Commissioner Eva Booth.

FOUND BY A BLACK CRACKER.

An Extraordinary Character Deceived into a Prison Gate Home.

"Bob — is a muscular, wiry bushman of forty-six, a Tasmanian by birth," says an officer of the Adelaide (Australia) Prison Gate Home. "He has made a living in the bush for the greater part of his life; a man whose snake yarns would make you creep, and whose hair-breadth escapes from death would fill a dozen volumes of the penny horrible; a man who has tackled everything going in the way of work, from being an off-sider, or cook's mate, to sub-manager of a station. When we got him to the Home we found nothing came amiss to him. Bob could cut up as much wood (at a size to please the most fastidious housewife), in a quarter of an hour as the Sergeant and two inmates could all the morning, and with far less expenditure of strength. Was help needed in the carpenter's shop, Bob was there as if he had served all his life at painting toys, and quickly made the other boys blush at the execution he made when there was a few gross of gee-gees to be varnished and fixed up for the market. Drink has been this man's bane; in fact, he does not know the week he has not been drunk since he was nineteen years of age up to the day he was arrested. Once he was nine days without a morsel to eat, and nothing to drink but an occasional drink of water, wandering about the Australian bush. When found by the black cracker and the constable who had been sent to find him, they had a pick and shovel with them to bury him, never expecting to find him alive. Now, praise God, in his own words, he would sooner be seen as belonging to the P. G. B. by anyone than be seen in a wine shop."

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

A Boy of Fourteen on the City Streets.

Jack Stone's life struggle began when his father died. That was three years ago. The boy's mother, having a good deal on her hands, found Jack too much for her, so she applied to the Parish.

And the Parish took the unwelcome boy off his mother's hands and put him in an outside orphanage.

But Jack reached an age when he could earn a few shillings, and his mother insisted

on having the boy home. She wanted his money.

The weeks that followed were not altogether happy times for the lad. He often wished himself back in the Home where he had been kept as a boy.

His mother kept him as short as she could, and took every halfpenny he earned. One day the man by whom he was employed failed, and Jack was "out of work."

He tried to get another job, but failed. His mother quickly missed the shillings the boy had earned.

She could not keep a lazy boy like him about, she said: He'd better get out of there quick!

So Jack Stone was kicked out by his own mother on to the streets.

He turned up at the Blackfriars Breakfast on Sunday after tramping about all night.

Now he is back again to the Home where he stayed before. And Jack's mother is being watched by more people than she cares about.

SPARKLES.

God often says, "Wait," but He never says, "Worry."

No trial comes without a triumph in it somewhere.

The hands are apt to think that they make the clock go.

Money can do everything except the things we want it to do.

Men must enter into the eternal for the infinite has entered into them.

The love of money never yet lived in the same house with the love of man.

Keep your faith with God and you will not be likely to lose your faith in man.

Men may differ on their theories of sun-spots, but they agree on the sun-shine.

THE CHARACTER OF GOD.

Take the parable of the lost sheep, and consider for a moment what it teaches us, by suggestion, of the character of God. If this parable is true, it must mean that God regards His creatures, not from the standpoint of the inherent or attained nobility of their nature, but from their moral standing and their need of Himself. It must mean that if all the countless suns which had from the beginning of time kindled their fires at the central glory were all bright and glorious still, and that but one small satellite had broken loose from its celestial moorings, and was plunging into wastes of eternal death, then God would, so to speak, leave all, that He might bring back the wandering planet to its allegiance. It must mean that though every other star were peopled with bright beings, who ha' never sinned, and so had never suffered, and that on this little earth alone a rebel race existed, the great Heart to whose

throb the universe keeps in tune would never rest till it had done all that divine love could do to bring that race back to Himself. It must mean that though every star in the sky were peopled with sin'ul creatures, Christ, the Son of God, would make Himself poor for their sakes, would become man, would suffer and die, in every one of them, rather than permit one of these creatures to perish for want of a Saviour. It is not the astronomical position of the world that measures God's care for it—if the teaching of Jesus is true; and it is not the moral perfection, but the possibilities of moral perfection in a race, that makes Him willing to suffer for it. Has a planet wandered? Has a soul fallen? Are there in the farthest corner of His creation beings that need salvation? Then God is there, if the Gospel of Jesus is true, as though He were nowhere else; His love and pity are concentrated from the four quarters of the sky in one burning focus on that sin-darkened spot. The heart of God is where want and weakness are, and sorrow and shame that cry for deliverance and pardon, and dying creatures that hold up hands of appeal for pity and help. God is where love is, and love is where her help is most sorely needed.—The Ascent Through Christ.

Auxiliary Column.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Auxiliary Secretary.

Welcome, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs!

While the tears are still wet upon our cheeks with the remembrance of our loss in the departure of our beloved leader, Miss Booth, through the cloud bursts a smile, as we welcome back into our midst, after an absence of fifteen years, dear Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

To some of us they stand for all the first principles and service of the Army, for they guided and trained us in our earliest efforts to be useful to God and humanity. They taught us how best to work for Jesus and serve the interests of the cross, and with heartiest greetings we welcome them back to the Land of the Maple. We are sure our Auxiliary friends will join in our expressions of pleasure at the appointment of our erstwhile leaders to the command of the Army's forces in fair, beautiful Canada.



Doing Good Guild.

A very pleasant recognition of this work came to our Headquarters a few days ago.

A branch of this League in England, in response to our War Cry appeal, forwarded a box of warm knitted socks to us. We deeply appreciate the kind co-operation of our friends across the sea, and thank Miss De-Spon and her associates, of St. Leonards, for their very substantial gift.



Be Ready by First of January.

We hope our Canadian friends, especially in Ontario, will keep this need before them and send to us new garments by the first week in January.

Address: Doing Good Guild, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Any inquiries respecting this matter will be gladly answered by the Secretary.



New Members.

Can we not have a rally to our cause of those friends who have been so blessed through the Army? We should like them to become affiliated to our work in joining our Auxiliary League, and through that department be kept in personal touch with the work in all its advances. Here is an opportunity for busy people, who wish to have a share in the Army's many-sided humanitarian efforts, to do so. Shall we not at this time make a special effort to increase our membership by enlisting the co-operation of friends, new and old, in our Auxiliary League? The following is a brief outline of our department:

What it is.

The Auxiliary League is composed of those persons who, while not, perhaps, altogether approving every method used by the Salvation Army, fully appreciate its world-wide accomplishments in the reclaiming of drunkards, rescuing the fallen, and saving the lost, as to give it their prayer, influence, and money.

Subscribers are asked to contribute a fee of five dollars per annum. This sum, after defraying expenses of the League, will be devoted to the Army's work for destitute children, unfortunate women, and ex-prisoners. Auxiliaries are supplied with a small ticket bearing the official recognition of Headquarters, together with their name and number, which admits them to any public meeting in Canada, Newfoundland, North West America, and Bermuda; and ensures for them a hearty welcome in Army circles at home and abroad. A small, neat badge is sent to each member of the Auxiliary League, which, if so inclined, they can wear to denote their membership. A copy of the War Cry will be mailed free to each member, weekly, or, if preferred, All the World (our missionary magazine) or the Deliverer (the organ of our Rescue Work) will be sent monthly, after payment of subscription.



THE sun had scarcely peeped over the distant hills although it was mid-day; it had condescended to cast a weary glance into the solitary window of Olsen's cabin, a Norwegian miner, whose spirit was depressed as he brooded over what might have been. He was alone, dreadfully alone, especially after that stray sunbeam had departed, because no sound of any kind broke the still day, save the cracking of the ice in a near-by creek, and the sighing of the wind. Like a woolen blanket, thick snow covered the ground. Within the cabin all was gloomy. Olsen, the occupant, was sick—oh, so sick—it all. He had not anything more or less to feast his eyes upon than a couple of bunks, which were erected in a corner of the room, covered with rough bedding, while the timber wall was only relieved of its bareness by such adornments as a "spider" and sundry other begrimed cooking utensils. On the uneven corduroy floor stood a rough table, a well-worn rusty sheet iron stove, and two backless chairs, that were decidedly more useful than ornamental. On the wall hung a photograph of a pleasing-looking woman, approximately about the age of thirty-five, with two sweet children by her side—Olsen's wife and family. There was not anything else in the interior of that Alaskan cabin to make it cheerful or in any way homelike.

How long Olsen had sat with his head resting on his hands, brooding heavily, we can scarcely say—long enough, certainly, to be almost unbearably depressed, so that at length he slowly rose to stretch his stiffened limbs. Without any purpose in particular he reached for the latch, a second later the door flew open, but only for a brief moment or two; it was quickly closed again, as a biting storm of wind swept in.

Olsen was located in the vicinity of Candle City. More famous, we are afraid, was the place for its wintry blasts and sudden, yet enduring, storms than for the precious golden nuggets so much talked about. Olsen was decidedly tired of it all. The summer before, in an eastern State, he had left his home, his business, and his family, in the most foolish manner. His history is similar to many: A friend had written urging him to come at once—good prospects for getting rich quick. He had come, and thus far had found little else but prospects. Certainly a dreary, weary time had been his lot; from the time he had arrived on Alaskan soil, and never, he tells us, will he forget the hardships of his last winter in that barren land. He wrote thus to a friend:

"For more than three months we have had no mail service here, and before that it took so long for a letter to be brought overland that, if I remember rightly, the last I received was dated Christmas time."

Waiting for Mail.

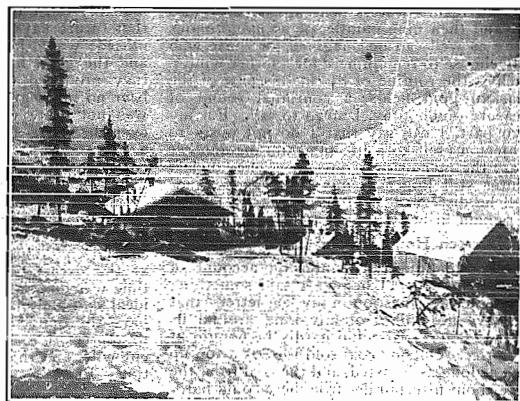
"For the last two months I have been longing so much for this time to come that I can scarcely realize it is here, and how strange it seems that now we shall learn of many things from the newspapers of which we have not heard anything before. Last winter stray items of news would reach Nome and be printed in the newspapers of that city, which would afterwards be sent up here; but as a rule everything was (you must pardon me for writing on both sides of the sheet, because paper is scarce with me) in such condensed form that one received but slight satisfaction from it. One must live a life like this for a time in order to fully realize what it means, and to fully appreciate the comforts and conveniences afforded by other parts of the world more favorably situated. This would be an ideal place for many of the comfortably rich in the States and elsewhere who complain of ennui. Indeed, an experience of the kind this country so amply supplies would do any person a 'heap' of good."

"After the last boat had left in October, and after I knew to a certainty that I should have to remain here for nine months before the boats could call again, I got into the habit of looking forward to the first of March and to think that if we were only so far advanced everything would seem brighter and more hopeful. Well, the first of March came, nably, but nothing seemed much brighter for that. The days were a trifle longer, and we knew that we had only a little more than four months to wait for the spring and the opening of navigation, that was all. We were woefully disappointed, everything locked up just as wintry as at Christmas, and it was just then (the 1st of March) that our real blizzard weather began, at least it was the 1st of February. Up to the 1st of February we had beautiful weather almost continually. It was cold at times, even to fifty degrees below zero, but that cannot be considered anything outside the ordinary as long as it does not blow a perfect hurricane."

"It was really something unusual that it did not begin to storm in December or January, and we came near believing that we had safely passed the usual period of atmospheric disturbances of the blizzard kind, but in that we were greatly mistaken. Once in a

great while, previous to February 1st, it stormed for a day or so, although not hard enough to seem serious, but with the 1st of February came a change such as we hardly expected. On that date it began to blow as if something had gone wrong with the running gear of this little earth of ours, and so it kept on during the whole month, with the exception of a few hours now and then, always beginning again with renewed strength after every little stop, fiercely sweeping the hills and filling the air with whirling clouds of snow.

"Such conditions we never knew in Klondike; it was cold there, but it was always calm, and, therefore, a much better country than this. Such storms as we have here I have never seen before. When the wind blew and the snow flew one couldn't distinguish any object fifty feet ahead. The fierce wind gathered up all the loose snow and drove it with great speed through the air, grinding it up into fine powder and forcing it in everywhere. Through little openings not bigger around than a pin the snow would find its way in the houses, and if one went out it would force its way between the coat and the



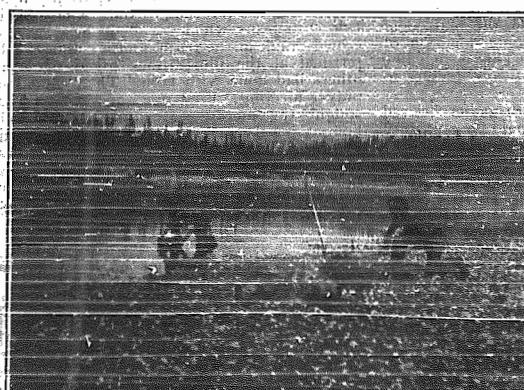
A Yukon Mining Camp.

vest. It would also stick to exposed parts of the face, then melt and freeze again into ice, plastering the skin until one found time to remove it. I was out twice in such storms; the first time it fortunately did not last more than half an hour, and the second time it was not very cold and I had a hard trail to follow, where the snow could not stop, otherwise I would have been in a serious way; but it was enough, however, to give me an idea what a real Alaskan storm means.

After the 1st of March the storms abated somewhat, but by the 1st of April it looked as wintry as ever, and so it did the 1st of May. We had some warm days in April, but the heat of the sun seemed not to affect the storm in the least. Perhaps it did, but in some imperceptible degree as not to be noticeable.

"In May we had some very cold days, but also some very beautiful ones, and in that month some of the early birds began to come, and it began to look and seem more cheerful; still, it was not until about the 28th of May that the creek began to run. Like mighty rivers, these little bits of creeks, so small in the summer time that one cannot much more than wet his toes, came roaring and foaming like the angriest of waters, taking everything in their way along as if they were nothing but straws. But after all it was nothing but pretence at greatness and might; after a few days it began to look like itself again, and just now it merely trickles along.

"We have not yet had any rain this spring and the timber is as dry as fuse; indeed, it needs but a spark from a pipe or cigar to set it afire, but there is not much to burn, just a little dry grass, therefore it is at most times easily put out with a sack or something of that kind. We had a fire of that kind here a few weeks ago; it kept blazing for a couple of days, but finally it began to come too close



In Search of the Precious Metal.

to our camp, so we had to go and check it. Just now the moss is dry also, therefore it would not be so easy to handle as it was. The spring is not so beautiful here as in Dawson, and the weather is more changeable—hot one hour and cold the next—so that the little bit of vegetation that we have in this part of the country is very slow in budding forth. Not until the about the 15th of June could we see a tinge of grass anywhere, because up to that time, even as late as the 25th of June, it was cold enough many nights for the water to form into ice. On the 1st of July the ice was still laying solid in Kotzebue Sound, so that whenever the wind came from the north it always turned cold within a few minutes' time, but after that date the wind blew from the south continually for a few days, and just in that short period of time the ice drifted north and was caught in the current and carried on towards the north pole where, somehow or other, it disappears, because after being caught in the moving waters it never returns.

"And now we have summer—summer, for about two months to come; then it begins to freeze at nights again, and shortly after that the snow will begin to fly, and the streams and navigable waters will again form into ice, and then nine months of as monotonous a life as well can be imagined for those who may choose to remain here for another winter. Such is the routine of life in this part of the Alaskan gold fields, a continual round of pleasure—monotony, I mean to say. For my own part, I can say that I do not mean to subject myself to a life like this for another year; the memories of my experience of last winter still linger in my mind, and cannot well be disregarded. I do not fancy having to remain in bed.

Fourteen Hours Out of Twenty-Four,
as we often did last winter on account of shortage of fuel. I believe I said something about the fuel question in my last letter—that we have no timber of any kind around us here, and that coal could hardly be bought at any price. Outside coal sold for \$65 a ton up here as long as it lasted, and the coal from the mine about fifteen miles from here could hardly be hauled over here until the spring, on account of the condition of the trail. Seven or eight hundred pounds was all a horse could pull during the forepart of the winter, and not much more until in March, when the trail began to improve. Therefore I can only say that the question was indeed a serious one.

Sleeping in a Snow-Bank.

"One stormy night, when retiring for the night, we found the door had blown open, and everything in the whole room was covered with foot of snow. It was very cold, and of course we did not feel like clearing it out just then, so we simply shook the snow from the bedding, and thus went to bed. I have never come nearer anything more like going to bed in a snowdrift before than that, and I can tell you it was not much better and felt no better.

"Such are some of the memories that still linger in my mind, and they certainly ought to be sufficiently impressive to persuade me to leave for sunnier climates at the earliest possible moment. I shall certainly manage to get away before the closing of navigation. I do not know of anything that could induce me to remain here another winter."

♦ ♦ ♦

Happy Days of the Past.

Olsen had just finished a letter; with a sigh he shoved back the ink-bottle and his pad of writing paper. "I deserve it all," he said, half aloud. "Dear, oh, dear, to think that I should ever have been so crazed to get money as to leave that job of \$25 a week, that darling wife, and my children, to endure a life of such loneliness and hardships in this barren wilderness. It will at least be five months more before the creeks will open up, and we can get started to wash up." A down-hearted person is but poor company for himself, and if Jake, a neighbor, had not just dropped in at that moment Olsen would undoubtedly have reached a state of hopeless despair. The

hearty greeting, however, of Jake, accompanied by a hearty handshake, quite awoke Olsen out of his lethargic state, and for a short time the two chatted almost merrily together. The prevailing topic, of course, on such meetings was as to whether the pay streak was panning out satisfactorily, and what were the prospects for the winter. These and similar matters being fully discussed, home affairs demanded thought, especially if an approaching mail was due, or had just come in. The mail, in the winter time, would probably reach the miner three months after being posted, but even though the news was stale it was none the less appreciated, and would, at least for the time it took to read the letters, lift the miner out of his present unhappy surroundings, and allow him to live over again for a short time the happy days of the past. On one thing Jake and Olsen agreed thoroughly, and thus often had expressed themselves, "If ever we get to the outside again we will know enough to be satisfied."

The last lonely winter slowly wore itself away and had given many a miner in Alaska not only an opportunity of forming resolutions, but also the chance of stamping indelibly those resolutions on their memories that future days on the outside (if God permitted) would be lived a little more usefully, and the good little woman at home, whom they promised to love and protect, should hear no more grumbling words when dinner was not quite what was expected, because even the worst dinner they ever received was a feast compared with "flap-jacks" and rusty bacon, forming the staple articles of diet in a mining camp.

Such a spot as the interior of a log cabin on a placer mining claim somewhere in Alaska, next door to nowhere, on such a day as Olsen looked through the window at the dreary, cheerless scenes, and for a time was busy with his thoughts, is surely an ideal spot and place where many more should have the opportunity of being for a season to appreciate a comfortable home, an indulgent wife, and the benefits of modern civilization.—Pry.

Farewell of Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton.

St. John's I.

There is a time to meet and there is a time to part; a time to be glad and a time to be sorry; and this more or less applies to an S. A. officer's life. November 13th was the last Sunday of our beloved leaders' stay on the Island and their farewell Sunday. About forty officers gathered at St. John's to hear their farewell message. The Brigadier, who was anxious to make the best of the opportunity, had arranged that all the proceeds from No. I. corps should go towards the Rescue Work in the city, and that with the assistance of No. II. and III. he should be able to present Adj't Ogilvie, the Matron of the Home, with the handsome donation of \$100 as a farewell present. This is just like the Brigadier. He was always trying to make some one happy.

Now for the meetings. Brigadier desired that all sorrow and tears should be kept until Monday night, the final farewell, and that the last Sunday should be one of zeal for souls.

This was the key-note of every meeting for the day. In the afternoon Mrs. Smeeton read from Jer. vii. 17, 18, and gave us a very beautiful and interesting talk on duty, pointing out clearly the part the father and mother and children play in the battle of a Christian life. At the night meeting, long before the march returned to the citadel, every seat was taken, and it was with difficulty the officers and soldiers found places on the platform. After several had spoken Brigadier invited us to have a look at Jesus, taking for his lesson, "And we would see Jesus." Every heart seemed touched, and five surrendered to Jesus. Through the thoughtful-

ness of Adj't. and Mrs. Williams, a farewell officers' tea had been prepared in the schoolroom. This gave the Brigadier a chance for few parting words with his officers, and a very touching time we had. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton spoke a few words to us, but we understood by the prevailing feeling the best things were left unsaid.

At the Monday night meeting the Brigadier gave us some very interesting facts of our work on the Island, taking for his subject, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," but when he came to say good-bye the words refused to be uttered. Good-bye, Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton. You have led us on bravely by your words and example. We will follow your successor as faithfully as we have followed you. May God abundantly bless you.—E. Hiscock, Adj't.

St. John's II.

Such a stormy day! The rain fell in torrents, until every little rivulet had increased to twice its original size, and if the promise had not been given that the world should not again be deluged, we might have been tempted to think we had come to the place of repetition.

And this was Brigadier Smeeton's last Sunday at No. II. corps. "No one will venture out to-day," someone remarked, "there is not an individual visible anywhere." And who could blame them for staying near their own hearths during such a furious storm? But judge the surprise of all when the doors were opened to find such a number anxiously awaiting the Brigadier's arrival. It was the holiness meeting, and the subject was, "The destruction of the little foxes." Murmurs of "That is true!" "Beautiful!" etc., were heard among the crowd as the Brigadier described not only the foxes, but the way of destroying them, and many who had previously allowed their "vines" to be destroyed, took a look at the ruins and resolved to do better.

It did not seem quite so unfavorable in the afternoon as we wended our way to the hall, but although the rain had ceased, yet the wind played many antics and capers with the umbrellas and bonnets of the pedestrians as they struggled forth for the service.

Yet there was the crowd, nevertheless, filling the place and making everybody feel that the people of No. II. appreciated beyond the ordinary way the visit of their beloved leaders. The meeting was a decided success. Mrs. Smeeton's subject was based on that grand old line which says, "And yet there is room." She uncovered the tiredness of God's people in going after the souls of mankind, and urged the sinners to find a place while the door was open. Handkerchiefs were visible here and there, wiping off the burning tears, and hiding the tear-stained cheeks of many.

And what can be said of the night's service? The first song, "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" seemed to grip every heart, and before the prayer meeting started everybody's faith was high. Mrs. Smeeton soloed, "His love can never fail," then the Brigadier addressed the congregation with the solemn question, "And what shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?" The crowd drank in the truth, and we almost felt terrified at the illustrations given of what others had done with Him. Then came the prayer meeting. First one and then another sought the mercy seat until eight blood-stained jewels were kneeling asking pardon. One man, who had been a soldier ten years, but had fallen, came back, "Heaven does not seem very far off," remarked someone. And it didn't, as we retired with happy, thankful hearts.—E. M. Mercer.

From the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Pray present my warmest acknowledgments and thanks to Miss Evangeline Booth for her excellent work in connection with the Salvation Army in Canada, and express the sincere hope that she may be long spared to give her valuable services and experience to the great object your Society is working to accomplish.—A. G. Jones, Lieut.-Governor.

FAREWELL CAMPAIGN OF MISS BOOTH.

Officers' Councils, Soldiers' Meetings, Two Mass Meetings in Massey Hall, and Torchlight Procession to Union Station, Comprise the Final Meetings of the Commissioner in the Territory.



WO years have elapsed since we met in council at the anniversary of the Army in Canada, for last year's congress was reluctantly postponed, owing to the illness of the Commissioner. It was with much expectation, therefore, that many officers looked forward to the event of the year.

Early on Wednesday contingents of officers, soldiers, and friends arrived, and all day Thursday they kept coming in. For Salvationists all roads led to the Temple, and there they gathered, crowding the entrance, the stairs, and the halls.

They were a happy-looking lot, although we could not help but notice the fact that there was a subdued feeling of regret over the Commissioner's leaving in evidence.

The meetings conducted by the Chief Secretary on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, commanded splendid crowds and much enthusiasm. Several P. O.'s conducted meetings in city corps on Sunday, which added to the general air of "big things going on" in the Queen City.

The crowning meetings were, of course, in the Massey Hall, where Miss Booth spoke on two nights to nine thousand people. An excellent impression was left, and many pointed tributes were paid to our departing leader from the platform and in the press.

Thursday's Reception to Officers.

Everywhere you may look you can see the halieujah bonnet and gay uniform of the Salvationist, until the people of this city have come face to face with the fact that this week commenced the Territorial Congress and farewell meetings of the Field Commissioner. The comrades who are seen gathered here and there in knots bidding each other hearty welcome have come in from all points to see and hear and bid farewell to our dear Field Commissioner, and welcome with heartiness and warmth the new Commissioner, until the vicinity of the Temple is a-tir with the energetic and smiling people. They bustle, and hurry, and wait, and smile, until it is time for the open-air, at which they are all anxious to be present. The outside meeting was good, as was also the march back to the Temple. The military appearance of so many warriors of the cross in their new uniforms was very encouraging to our feelings of pride for our dear old Army. Headed by the Lippincott Band, who discoursed sweet strains, the march was a fine one.

Our honored Chief Secretary is in charge of the reception meeting to those officers and soldiers who have assembled themselves together upon this occasion.

This immense and enthusiastic gathering was opened by the singing of that well-known old song, "Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire," which brought, as it always does, the fire of the Spirit down to the open hearts.

Over and over again was the chorus sung by that vast multitude, which, aided by the famous Lippincott Band, sang it beautifully. Major Phillips, the Eastern Chancellor, then prayed for the blessing of God to come down upon us right at the offset of these councils, and it was truly so.

Colonel Jacobs then, in his original fashion, dispelled all strangeness by his kindly words of welcome to all. Some had come from the far West and Pacific Provinces, while others had come from the Eastern Provinces, and the majority from the points between, but they no longer felt as strangers, but were united as one family in bonds of salvation love.

Entering right into the meeting, and, as the Chief Secretary expressed it, to get the

things of the world out of the way, the collection was taken, and a few of the P. O.'s were called upon to speak to us upon subjects of great importance to Salvationists. "The Need of a Revival," by Brigadier McMillan. "The Kind of Revival We Need," by Brigadier Smeeton, and "Methods and Means of a Revival," by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp.

Each of these speakers handled their subjects in masterly fashion. Brigadier McMillan brought before us the great need of something being done for the dying world; of the inroads sin is making on the lives and characters of our fellowmen. This will bring about a revival among the sinners, when they shall turn from the world unto God and be saved.

Following up what had already been said, Brigadier Smeeton based his remarks upon the kind of a revival that we need. There have been revivals that have shot up as a quick flame, but their work was only temporary; but what we need is a revival born of earnest prayer and meditation before the Lord and a steady work of faith. This can be brought about by the children of God consecrating every effort and talent to obey their Master, who will lead them to such work.

Colonel Sharp's address on "Methods and Means," dealt with the lack of sympathy and love which are needed to bring to pass the much-needed revival.

Colonel Jacobs beautifully followed up the previous address as he read from God's Word and dwelt upon the matter of offering ourselves to be bondslaves forever, not out of fear or compulsion, but because we love our Master, and desire to manifest that love in service and obedience to His wishes.

A prayer meeting followed, in which consecrations were renewed and consecrations made, vows spoken, and in everything the Spirit of God prevailed, for a number were kneeling at the altar to give themselves to their God.

This beginning, a revival in the hearts of God's own people, is a faith-raising event, and the finish will be grand.

Officers Meet Their Departing Leader.

Friday was certainly the officers' day with the Commissioner. In the morning they crowded the Council Chamber to excess. A splendid feeling of unity marked the assembly. A swinging opening song intensified the spirit of the occasion.

Mrs. Stanyon read an excellent message which the General sent to the officers of the Territory, which brimmed with appreciated sentences and inspiring paragraphs.

A number of officers were selected by the Chief Secretary to represent the various contingents of officers. Adj't. Jennings spoke for the D. O.'s, stating that the qualities of the Commissioner which impressed him most were the self-denial, her zeal, and her hard work. These would stand as lasting examples to the D. O. He also made touching reference to the incident when he laid his little family of four children, within a few weeks, in the cemetery. The Commissioner's telegram of sympathy and her letters had been of untold comfort and strength to him.

Ensign Owen represented the single men.

Ensign Wilson, who spoke on behalf of the single women, was glad that the Commissioner was the head of their great and powerful section, and had set them all the example.

Mrs. Major Stanyon spoke with special reference to the Commissioner's mercifulness and sympathy.

Staff-Capt. Coombs creditably represented

the married men, and Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAmmond the married women. She would remember the Commissioner's sympathy and affectionate interest in their family affairs. She had never been too busy to inquire for the names of the children, to give them a kiss, and tell the mother her's was a lovely baby.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp very creditably spoke for the Provincial Officers. The name of Evangeline Booth had been a tower of strength to them and every officer of the Salvation Army in Canada. He finished his excellent speech with a quotation that awoke echoes in every Scotch heart there, "Will ye no come back again?"

Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich spoke for the dress and the great service rendered to the Army's publications, but most of all we would remember the woman herself for the excellency of her character.

The General Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, followed with a forcible talk, especially emphasizing the thoroughness of the Commissioner's methods and her intensity in all things.

The splendid council was closed by a well-fitted key-stone talk by the Chief Secretary and prayer by Staff-Capt. Manton.

We scarcely knew that four hours had fled when we left the Council Chamber.

In the afternoon a tea had been laid in the auditorium of the Temple for 225 officers, and on that occasion the Commissioner said what she had found no time to say in the first session. Every officer felt the touch of the family gathering and family parting, but there was also noticeable the recognition that the change was doubtless arranged for the good of the entire Army, and we, as true soldiers, accept with confidence the decision of our General. This was well illustrated by a little incident which the Commissioner related in her address.

When she was farewelling at St. John, N.B., while taking some refreshments between meetings, little Eva Sharp came to her and with tearful voice cried:

"Commissioner, you mustn't go, you mustn't go!"

"But, Eva," said little Alex Payne, "we don't know; perhaps God can make her even a greater blessing in the United States than she has been here."

The Commissioner's parting council will doubtless be treasured in a warm corner of her officers' hearts.

Soldiers' and Officers' Council.

Officers and soldiers filled the auditorium and gallery on Friday night. The new lights installed by Staff-Capt. Coombs greatly improved the appearance of the hall in a better distribution of light.

The greatest freedom and a happy feeling of fellowship pervaded the meeting, without there was noticeable the quieting effect of the farewell feeling.

The Commissioner's charge to her people was magnificent. Taking for her text, "I command you to God, who can build you up," she dwelt distinctly on the great need of whole-hearted, undivided service to God for the sake of a dying world, which we must seek to save. Every heart was stirred with holy emotion, and the pure fire of a Christ-like passion for souls was fanned to greater intensity in many hearts. At the close forty men and women, many volunteers among them, had made a full surrender, and resolved to lead henceforth holy and useful lives. It was one of the best soldiers' meetings ever conducted by the Commissioner.

(Continued on page 18.)

FOR SOLDIERS AND LOCAL OFFICERS.

OF INTEREST TO BANDSMEN.

A LESSON IN HARMONY.

Musical tones are produced by periodic and regular vibrations. If musical sounds three characters are prominent—intensity, pitch, and quality.

Intensity depends on the amplitude of the vibration and a greater or lesser amplitude of vibration will cause a corresponding movement of the transmitting apparatus, and a corresponding intensity of the excitation of the terminal apparatus.

Pitch, as a sensation, depends on the length of time in which a single vibration is executed, or, in other words, the number of vibrations in a given interval of time. The ear is capable of appreciating the relative pitch or height of a sound as compared with another, although it may not ascertain precisely the absolute height of a sound. What we call an acute or high tone is produced by a large number of vibrations, while a grave or low tone is caused by a few. The musical tones which can be used with advantage range between 40 and 4,000 vibrations per second, extending thus from six to seven octaves. According to E. H. Weber, practiced musicians can perceive a different of pitch amounting even to only one sixty-fourth of a semitone, but this is far beyond average attainment.

Quality is that peculiar characteristic of a musical sound by which we may identify it as proceeding from a particular instrument or from a particular human voice. It depends upon the fact that many waves of sound that reach the ear are really compound wave systems, built up of constituent waves, each of which is capable of exciting a sensation of a simple tone if it be singled out and reinforced by a resonator, and which may sometimes be heard with a resonator, after special practice and tuition. Thus it appears that the ear must have some arrangement by which it resolves every wave system, however complex, into simple pendular vibrations. When we listen to a sound of any quality we recognize that it is of a certain pitch. This depends upon the number of vibrations of one tone, predominant in intensity over the others, called the fundamental or ground tone, or first partial tone. The quality depends upon the number and intensity of other tones added to it. These are termed harmonics, or partial tones, and they are related to the first partial or fundamental tone in a very simple manner, being multiples of the fundamental tone. When a simple tone, or one free from partials, is heard, it gives rise to a simple, soft, somewhat insipid sensation as may be obtained by blowing across the mouth of an open bottle or a tuning fork. The lower partials, added to the fundamental tone, give softness combined with richness; while the higher, especially if they be very high, produce a brilliant and thrilling effect, as is caused by the brass instruments of an orchestra.

"CHATTER," BY "JAY."

After the close of the recent Midland Convention of Chormasters, held in England, Dr. H. Watson, of Manchester, gave an address on "Music and Musical Instruments in Shakespeare's Day," in the course of which he claimed that when Shakespeare was born, 340 years ago, their ancestors were, in their knowledge of music, equal, if not superior, to any other European nation.

Not only was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but one who tried to pass for a shoemaker was detected as an imposter because he could "neither sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme." Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads, even the beggars had their special songs.

The bass viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of visitors, and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for waiting customers, were necessary furniture of the barber's shop.

◆ ◆ ◆

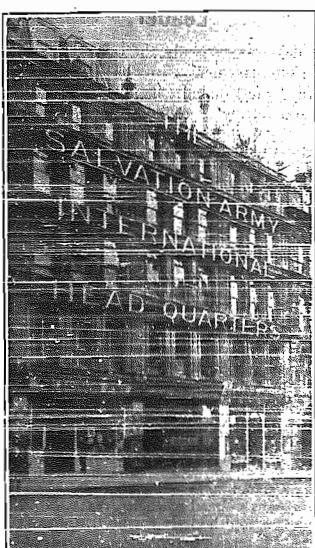
A lady in Chicago maintains that mothers should carry tuning forks and teach their children to scream on musical notes. If there are several they should learn to scream in triads. A higher pitch may be allowed when discipline is being administered.

◆ ◆ ◆

Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, boasts of an orchestra; but what will my readers say of the cosmopolitan character of its members. They include British, American, French, German, Russian, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Filipino. Must not the conductor be gifted with extraordinary linguistic capacity? How does he control his forces under such very exceptional circumstances? The answer is quite easy. Music itself is a universal language, backed by a few Italian phrases, overcomes all obstacles, removes all difficulties.

◆ ◆ ◆

Barrow-in-Furness (England) Salvation Army Brass Band was, when it first introduced the Salvation Army and its tactics to Madame Florence Worth, the converted actress, composed of a drum and several instruments, each out of tune and apparently playing an independent rendering. The band marched round and round the theatre, upsetting the play, but it interested the actress even while it annoyed her. She was saved in the first meeting she attended. The band now totals just fifty.



The International Headquarters of the Salvation Army, London, Eng.

The Lippincott Band gave a musical program at their corps on Thanksgiving night. The playing of the band has certainly improved recently, and it has in it the material for making a very excellent musical organization. The saxophone and cornet solos were a distinct success, while the quartets and duets, and other exhibitions, were pleasing. Major Creighton, the Bandmaster, deserves much praise for his persistent efforts.

Bandsman Hawkins, late of Lippincott Band, has landed safely in England after a tempestuous voyage, and has made his home in Swansea, Wales.

The Chief of the Staff is to conduct Bandmasters' council in London shortly. It has been suggested that an appropriate sequel would be a festival at the Regent's Hall. A program has accordingly been prepared and passed by the musical board in which the Regent's Hall, Chalk Farm, and Highgate Bands will take part. Commissioner Nicol will preside, and will be assisted by Brigadier Slater.

Gone to Their Reward.

FATHER SMITH PROMOTED TO GLORY.

London.—"Father Smith is dead." These words reached our ears just as we were coming from our soldiers' meeting on Wednesday evening. We could scarcely realize it, as only the night before he had been at the meeting. It was a stormy night, yet he marched as well as attended the inside meeting. It could be truly said, "He died at his post."

He had expressed a desire to fall asleep in Christ without a lengthy illness, and God seemed to honor his faithful toll and devotion by granting him his heart's desire.

Father Smith was always present at the meetings, scarcely missing a night, until a few months back, when a poisoned hand, by the prick of a pin, kept him in quite a bit. He was a Salvationist to the core, and his devotion to the war was an open rebuke to any younger comrade who might have lapsed into laxity in the service. A knee-drill did not seem to have quite complete unless Father Smith was there. Cold or warm, rain or shine, he was bent on coming.

Considering he was over eighty, and so well known, his presence at the head of the march was greatly missed.

His desire was that he should be given an S. A. funeral, and Brigadier Hartgrave, assisted by the Provincial Staff and corps officers, conducted the service.

Two clergymen also bore testimony to the Christian example Father Smith had shown in the neighborhood where he lived.

The family are bereft of a Christian father, and especially will he be missed by the son and daughter with whom he lived.

He had two sons and a daughter Salvationists.

He was laid in the vault until a son not present at the funeral could look upon him; then on Sunday afternoon he was lowered in the tomb, the writer having the honored privilege of performing that last rite. We stepped away from that grave, feeling we had placed beneath the sod a faithful warrior who would be greatly missed. His memory will be ever fragrant, and visiting officers to London who have known him will realize that a pillar has been removed.

His memorial service took place with the officers' farewell and was well attended, God's Spirit speaking to many hearts.—C. Arthur Perry, Staff-Capt.

TREASURER SMITH, OF LIPPINCOTT.

The Lippincott Corps has recently sustained a severe loss in the death of their much-esteemed Treasurer.

Treas. Robert Smith was a soldier of the persevering and progressive spirit, and had many years of experience in his past record, having spent over three years as an officer in Scotland, and also held the position of Assistant Superintendent in the Army's Life Assurance Department in the Old Land.

About sixteen months ago he came out here to Canada, where he has successfully performed his duties, not only as Treasurer, but as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In September last he went to the Northwest with the harvest excursionists, and it was there, far from his home and loved ones, that he contracted typhoid fever, and before his wife could reach the hospital, where no lay the grim reaper, Death, had preceded her, and the spirit of our comrade was carried from a house of sorrow and woe to the bosom of God.

His earthly labors are ended, but the blessing which God has made him to his comrades, both here and in the Old Land, will live on. We pray God's comforting Spirit to be with his dear wife and the loved ones far across the sea.



YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE.

OLD AND NEW METHODS.

VII.—Iron Work.

George Washington's hatchet, of cherry-tree fame, was doubtless a crude instrument in comparison with those that leave the modern factory. Two or three hours' labor at forge and anvil were required to make it, against only twenty minutes' work with the machinery of to-day. Once it took six or seven hours' work to make and hang an axe. Now the labor of fifty minutes, which may be divided among a hundred and fifty people, completes the tool. Four to eight hours' work by hand was required to make a hammer. The factory of to-day turns out thirty with the same labor. The butcher knife, with its six inches of murderous steel, once took five hours' work, against only ten minutes to-day. In making files the principal work is cutting the teeth, which was formerly done by hand and the distances gauged simply by fineness of touch. The modern tooth-cutting machine accomplishes it with more uniformity in a sixth of the time.

The common nail is an excellent illustration of the difference between the old and the new methods. Formerly the metal was cut into strips and then forged into shape with the hammer, and the expert took about one and a-half minutes for each nail. To-day they are made of steel and are lighter and stronger. Strips are cut with steam shears and fed into automatic nail-machines. One man tends three machines, each machine dropping a nail every second. He turns out a hundred-pound keg of nails in less than two hours, a work that would have taken him twice as many weeks.

Our grandfathers, with only the simplest tools, required from twenty to thirty minutes to make a screw. With the machinery of to-day one person's work makes twenty in the same time. A notable contrast is found in cutting screen posts. With the old hand tool it took an average of seven to eight minutes to make each post. To-day one person, tending twelve machines, turns out nine posts every second, more than four thousand times as rapidly.

We commiserate our ancestors because of the rough simplicity of their tasks. Do it remembered, however, that in the making of our own dwellings we have had the use of saw-mill and planer-mill machinery that has reduced the work of cutting and finishing lumber literally from hours to minutes. Sash, doors, and blinds come ready-made from the factories, completed with a tenth the labor by hand. It used to take three or four times as much work to make the brick, or quarry and dress the stone. Five hundred marble blocks are saved by machine in the time of one by hand. There is a gain of ten to twenty-fold in preparing paints, and of ten to fifty-fold in iron piping and lumber supplies.

A DANISH STORY.

Colonel Richards, Territorial Leader in Denmark, has not yet mastered the Danish language, and he tells an amusing story of how an old farmer regarded him. He has a big, burly interpreter in Major Draelin; and the Colonel himself is slightly below average height. Listening to the two of them, the old farmer was profoundly impressed with what the interpreter said, but he could not understand why the "little fellow" was not put out for "interrupting" a religious meeting!

THINGS YOU CANNOT BUY.

A cushion for the seat of war.
A sheet for the bed of a river.
A lock for the trunk of an elephant.
A feather for the wing of the wind.
A blanket for the cradle of the deep.
A button for the coat of paint.
A razor to shave the face of the earth.
A book on how the water works and the frost bites.
A dog to replace the bark of a tree.
A liniment to stop the pain of glass.
A treatise on what makes the weather vary and the roads cross.

THE THIRD TIME.

A minister who is well acquainted with the peculiarities of the negro character, lately told this amusing story:

A negro of Georgia had attended with his bride—that was-to-be before the colored parson of the church in Atlanta, for the purpose of being married. But the lady was coy.

When she was asked: "Would she take this man to be her lawfully wedded husband?" she electrified everybody by declaring, "No, sir, I won't."

Asked why, she exclaimed: "Because I have taken a sudden dislike to him."

Of course the ceremony was promptly adjourned. In the space of a few weeks the young man overcame the objections of the maid, and once more the couple attended before the parson. But the bridegroom had resolved to be revenged. When he was asked if he would take that woman to be his wife, he suddenly cried, "No!"

"Why?" was the asked.

"Because I've taken a sudden dislike to her," he said.

Once more the ceremony was postponed. But mutual friends intervened, matters were smoothed over, and a month afterwards again the pair stood up in church.

"Will you have this man?" asked the parson, in due course.

"Yes," said the bride.

"Will you have this woman?"

"Yes."

"Then I won't marry you," said the parson.

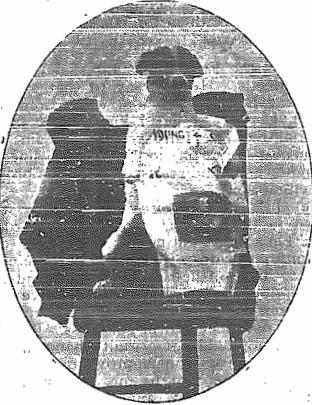
"Why?" they cried.

"Because I've taken a sudden dislike to both of you!"

PRAYING TO CHANCE.

A lad, who had forsaken God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor one morning how long they should be out.

"In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor.



(S. A. Photo.)

"If it is God's will!" said the lady. "What a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?"

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin-door in a state of agony and terror.

"What do you think?" she said to the same sailor.

"Well, the storm soon be over!"

"It seems likely to last some time, madam."

"Oh," she cried, "pray that we may not be lost!"

His reply was:

"Madam, shall I pray to chance?"

BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

A clerical traveler tells an amusing story of Stanley. A lady was recounting an experience of an accident which had happened to herself on the banks of the Nile. Stanley looked up with much interest, and exclaimed: "Exactly the same thing happened to a donkey of mine." The speech not unnaturally was received with shouts of laughter, which so offended the great man that he retired to his cabin, where he shut himself up for the rest of the day.

VACCINATION BEFORE MARRIAGE.

In Norway and Sweden, before a couple can be legally married, they must be vaccinated, and accordingly before the nuptial rites are performed, it is the duty of the minister to inspect the vaccination certificates of both bride and bridegroom.

Vaccination and love-making are closely connected in Brazil. There parents and guardians, before giving their consent to the marriage of their charges, demand a certificate from a medical man testifying that the would-be bride or bridegroom has been vaccinated.

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT OCEAN LINERS.

Organization of a Steamship Line.

The organization of a steamship line is much the same as that of a railroad. First comes the chief executive officer, the president, who acts for the stockholders and the board of directors. To the president report the treasurer, comptroller, traffic and operating managers. In the traffic department are freight and passenger agents; the freight agent having officers under him in charge, respectively, of east and west bound freight; the passenger agent having subordinates who divide the work of looking after the first and second cabins and steerage. The operating department is naturally the largest in point of number, for it includes a superintendent of engineers, who is responsible for the engineering department on shipboard; a dock superintendent who sees to the loading and unloading of passengers and cargo; a marine superintendent, who looks after the deck department on shipboard; and a port steward who has charge of the steward's department on shipboard. At least these are the principal human wheels in the intricate machinery known as organization, which does the work of the great ocean lines.

The American Line may be cited as an excellent example of the possibilities of earning a livelihood in the steamship world. The line employs an aggregate of about 9,000 men, a number equal to three entire army brigades. Nearly 5,000 of these are employed at sea. The company has five steamers that carry, each, a maximum crew of 400, two carrying 250, eight carrying 200, and six carrying 100. In addition the company has four new ships, requiring from 200 to 250 men each. The employees on shore are chiefly those who work under stevedores at the terminals in New York, Philadelphia, Southampton, and Antwerp—from 300 to 500 in each city. Quite as many employees in each of these places are kept busy in the company's repair shops.

(To be continued.)

COURTESY FOR THE QUEEN.

Queen Margaret of Italy recently arrived in a town where great preparations had been made to do her honor. The mayor was at hand to escort her to the room where luncheon was being served, but the Queen declined to eat anything, saying that all she needed was a glass of water and a sandwich. At the end of this frugal repast she was about to take her handkerchief from her pocket, when the mayor, misinterpreting her action, bowed respectfully and said:

"Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. I can assure you the lunch is paid for."

HOW THE SALVATION ARMY RECEIVED ITS NAME.

Our honored General did not call his mission the Salvation Army from the first. This is how the Army got its name. The Volunteer movement was strong at the time. The General's secretary was writing a letter one day about the Christian Mission, as it was then called. The secretary wrote:

"The Christian Mission is a volunteer army."

The General was looking over the writer's shoulder. He took the pen from his hand, and, scratching out "volunteer," wrote the word "Salvation."

WISE WORDS.

Trust in God is death to worry.
A man is highest when he is humblest.
Talents are tools and not merchandise.
A light heart is a lighthouse for hearts.
Religion is never worn out by everyday use.
Grumbling puts spurs to the seed of trouble.
Righteousness is wheat. Wickedness is chaff.
Borrowed faith is worthless as religious capital.
The gain of love is not won by the love of gain.
Doing good is the only thing that is worth doing.
Who digs the trench or in quiet digs his own grave.
The man with a message always has an audience.
Heavenly bread is never blessed until it is broken.
A straight creed can never cover a crooked character.

When your way runs with God there are no crossroads.

One who delights in the Lord will be the Lord's delight.

successfully inaugurated. Under your initial progress, and the Salvation Army has estimation which it now enjoys.

titles. While privileged to bring the needs of the poor as your champion of their cause.

I miss the thrilling ring of your voice, the love you have lavished upon us; but you leave memory, and we shall live over again.

continually follow you, and you may depend on the Army.

Officers of the Territory,

C. T. JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

WAR CRY

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Commissioner Coombs in New York.

(By Wire.)

Sunday was a day of great spiritual power, with Commissioner Coombs, Canada's new commander, leading. Commissioner's remarkable versatility captured the attention of the audience from the start of the first meeting; power and simplicity went hand in hand. Meetings strongly marked by unconventionalism and originality. Fire from heaven fell. Bible readings greatly appreciated. Commissioner's eldest daughter read the lesson in the afternoon, and efficiently represented the second generation of Salvationists. Commissioner led valiant attacks in the prayer meetings, personally-leading engagements on the platform and in the audience, ably assisted by Colonel Higgins. United States field are delighted to have Commissioner Coombs for its neighbor. Captures for the day numbered forty—morning eighteen, afternoon ten, night twelve. God bless the Commissioner and his family, and our Canadian comrades. Keep the flag flying high.

Lieut.-Colonel Cox.

Promotions—

MAJOR STEWART, Territorial Headquarters, to be BRIGADIER.

MAJOR BURDITT, North-West Province, to be BRIGADIER.

STAFF-CAPT. H. MORRIS, Territorial Headquarters, to be MAJOR.

ENSIGN THOMPSON to be ADJUTANT.

Capt. Rose to be ENSIGN.

Capt. B. Green to be ENSIGN.

Capt. J. Clark to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. J. Chislett to be Captain.

Lieut. Knudson to be Captain.

Lieut. Grandy to be Captain.

Lieut. Collins to be Captain.

Lieut. T. Henderson to be Captain.

Lieut. Ridout to be Captain.

Lieut. Butler to be Captain.

Lieut. Ebbsay to be Captain.

Lieut. Newbury to be Captain.

Lieut. White to be Captain.

Lieut. Smith to be Captain.

Lieut. Bassingthwaite to be Captain.

Lieut. Barnard to be Captain.

Lieut. Palmer to be Captain.

Lieut. Oxford to be Captain.

Cadet Hale to be Pro-Lieutenant.

Cadet Britton to be Pro-Lieutenant.

Cadet Uran to be Pro-Lieutenant.

Cadet Hore to be Pro-Lieutenant.

Cadet Blackmore to be Pro-Lieutenant.

example to all. They admit all this; they, so to speak, hold out their hand, but Christ demands first the admission of our rebellion by laying down its weapons. First, acknowledge your sin, confess your guilt, renounce your rebellion, separate yourself from sinful pleasures, and then Christ will take your hand and lift you up; He will save and befriend you.

Here we have the obstacle of many a life. There is too much "Christianity made easy" at this day. In the mind of a certain class of people they think it is a kind of favor extended by them to Jesus Christ when they condescend to become a Christian. They forgo, absolutely certain forms of pleasure barred to even a professing Christian with a sort of martyr expression, which leads people to think Jesus ought to feel greatly honored to have them for His followers.

What a Mistake!

Jesus is the Friend of sinners, not of the self-righteous. He will say to that sort on the great Day of Division, when they say, "Lord, Lord!" "I never knew you." It is essential that we fully realize our sin, the seriousness of our offence, in order to sincerely renounce sin and seek pardon in the proper penitential spirit.

We all know the story of the two who prayed in the temple. One said, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like this," etc. He was only conscious of his neighbor's defects, but to his own he was blind, and had the presumption to address the Lord like one with whom he was on very familiar terms, because almost His equal in goodness. But the other did not hold out guilty hand in this manner to receive divine approval of his goodness. "Be merciful to me, a sinner," he groaned, and his spirit flung down the arms of rebellion. Who of the two went away justified?

How are you justified before your God?

TERMINAL NEWSLETTER.

We are, at the Territorial Centre, in the midst of the most remarkable series of meetings ever conducted in the City of Toronto. Year by year as we have met for our annual councils there have been unmistakable evidences of advance—numerically especially.

The Jubilee Hall is no longer large enough to accommodate our soldiery, spacious as it is, the large auditorium being filled to the door with a bright and intelligent Army of Salvationists at the great soldiers' council conducted by the Commissioner.

The hammers of the carpenters are already heard on the new Montreal citadel, and tenders have been receiving the attention of Staff-Capt. Miller, our architect.

A Russian is a soldier of our Winnipeg corps, and a worthy representative is he of our blood-and-fire Army.

Ensign Downey and Sister Matheson, recently stationed at Grand Forks, N.D., have farewelled to take charge of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ensign White, of the Soo, Mich., has seen some special cases of conversion during his short stay there, notably an editor of a newspaper, who nightly takes his stand beside the Ensign in the open-air, and proclaims the salvation of the Lord Jesus.

The Christmas Cry and Young Soldier are rapidly coming into shape. The cover of the Cry is already on the press, and they (the printers) who are always known to be sparing in their compliments, say it is the best yet.

In his latest work, "The Prodigal Son," Mr. Hall Caine has a kindly reference to the Salvation Army Shelters in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

Editorial.

CONGRATULATIONS!

We are pleased to gazette the promotions above. Brigadier Burditt has proved himself suitable to the many peculiar demands and the particular difficulties which exist in the West. During the time of his command a notable improvement has taken place in the Province. Major Morris has assiduously devoted himself to the improvement of the city bands with marked success, and the recognition which the Canadian Staff Band received at the International Congress was largely due to his splendid leadership. Brigadier Stewart's promotion will find a warm approval from those heroic officers devoted to the Women's Social Work. She has toiled faithfully and incessantly in the interest of that class which is under her care, and she has innumerable friends among the poor of Toronto. May God make our comrades increasingly useful in the war.

FAREWELL TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

The departure of Commissioner Miss Booth was the fitting climax of a great campaign. A great procession, with hundreds of bannerettes and flaming torches, interspersed with the city brass bands in full strength, and comprising hundreds of soldiers and officers, formed in front of the Temple and marched to the front portals of the City Hall, where His Worship, Mayor Urquhart, Mrs. Urquhart, and Aldermen Ramsden and Hay, of the Civic Reception Committee, received Miss Booth.

The Mayor, in addressing the Commissioner, spoke of the wonderful work that had been accomplished during her stay in Toronto. He regretted her departure from this city, but wished her success in her new field of labor across the border, and on behalf of the city especially thanked her for the missionary and prison work here.

Thousands of spectators thronged the spacious lawn and sidewalks in front of the City Hall and overflowed into the street. Miss Booth's reply was distinctly heard by the vast concourse of people. The procession finally moved on via Yonge St., King St., and York St. to the Union Station. The streets along the route of march were lined by spectators, many of which shouted "Farewell!" and "God bless you!" waving handkerchiefs and lifting hats. A brigade of newsboys kept up a volley of hurrahs and a fusillade of compliments. At the Union Station the press was enormous, and with difficulty Miss Booth and her leading officers gained an entrance. At 9:30 the train bore away over past leaders, whose success deserves all the magnificent send-off, and more Canadians sent with her salvation greetings to comrades under the Stars and Stripes.

FAREWELL MESSAGES.

(Received by Letter and Telegraph.)

From the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.

I hope that you will be long spared to continue in your new field of duty the creditable work which you have carried on so faithfully in British Columbia, as well as in the whole Dominion.—Henri G. Joly de Lotbiniere, Lieut.-Governor, B.C.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Premier of Ontario.

In common with all Canadians who have watched Miss Booth's work, as Commissioner with the Salvation Army in Canada, I desire to express my sincere regret that she is about to leave us. She seems to have inherited the wonderful qualities of her father, General Booth, as an organizer, and also the same gift of exposition and fervor in the discharge of all her duties. What she has done in inspiring others and improving the religious tone of the people of Canada is beyond estimation. I wish her many years of usefulness and comfort.—Yours truly, G. W. Ross.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Premier of Nova Scotia.

Please convey to Miss Booth my high appreciation of her splendid services in connection with the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland. The development of Salvation Army work under her leadership has been exceptional, and the good wishes of the Canadian people will follow her.—G. H. Murray, Premier.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Premier of British Columbia.

Please accept best wishes for future new field. May splendid results of your work in British Columbia prove fitting index for your labors in United States.—Richard McBride, Premier.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Premier of Manitoba.

Having learned of the departure of Miss Eva Booth from Canada, I desire to express, not only my regret at the loss the Army, and the cause of Christianity generally, will suffer in her removal, but also wish her a larger, a wider and richer experience, if that be possible, in the work she so unselfishly devoted herself for the last seven or eight years in Canada. The good she has done, while manifest in many ways and appreciated by all thoughtful and good citizens, is insignificant as compared with the ever-widening influence of moral and Christian reform that she has so devotedly advocated, and which will be more fully demonstrated and appreciated as the years go by. No one connected with moral and Christian work with whom I have come in contact, or whose work and efforts I have noted, has succeeded in so large a degree in the particular sphere in which they move as has Commissioner Eva Booth.

Again expressing my regrets at her departure, wishing her long life and many years of useful work, and the Army generally a continuation of that zeal and energy that has been their characteristic in the past—I remain, yours very respectfully, R. P. Roblin, Premier.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Post-Master General.

I observe that a final farewell meeting is to be held in Massey Hall on the 28th inst., on the occasion of Miss Booth, who for many years has been the Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland, leaving here to carry on this work in the United States.

Appreciating the great good which the Salvation Army continues to accomplish, I join with Miss Booth's many friends in expressing the confident hope that the great success which has attended her career in Canada may accompany her in her new sphere of action.—Yours sincerely, W. Mulock.

From the Minister of the Interior.

Permit me to express my regret that Miss Booth is leaving Canada. No one who takes any interest in movements calculated to ameliorate the social conditions of our people can fail to entertain the highest appreciation of the work done by the Salvation Army under Miss Booth's direction during her term of office.

I have no doubt that in the field to which she is now being called equally beneficial results will flow from her efforts.—Believe me, yours faithfully, Clifford Sifton.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Educational Secretary of the Methodist Church.

I am sure I express the general sentiment of Canada when I say that we deeply regret the removal of Miss Evangeline Booth, who for several years has been the Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland.

Miss Booth, in a rare degree, has combined several qualifications that have eminently fitted her for the leadership of the Salvation Army of this country.

All who have had the privilege of being acquainted with Miss Booth, and of hearing

her speak, have noticed with great appreciation her spiritual insight of Scripture and her remarkable intellectual ability in convincing and persuasive eloquence.

May she long be spared to work under the direction of her illustrious father, the General of the Salvation Army.—John Poole.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Warden of the Central Prison, Toronto.

My poor words cannot express our regret on account of Commissioner's Booth's removal from Canada. To us it seems almost impossible that her place can be filled. We have reason for these sentiments. The Prison Gate Work inaugurated and developed under her guidance would of itself be a magnificent achievement of a lifetime. With Commissioner Booth it is but an incident, so great are her labors for poor humanity. The Commissioner's departure is regretted by every inmate of this prison, but by none more so than—Yours faithfully, J. T. Gilmour, Warden.

♦ ♦ ♦

From the Minister of Justice.

On the eve of the departure of Miss Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, I desire to express my appreciation of the good work done under her command which has come to my notice, and wish her every success in her future sphere.—Yours truly, C. Fitzpatrick.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Presented to Commissioner Miss Booth

BY COLONEL JACOBS, CHIEF SECRETARY, AT THE MASSEY HALL FAREWELL MEETING.

Beloved Commissioner,—

On this, the occasion of your farewell from this Territory, we, the officers of your Headquarters Staff, together with our comrades from the Ontario Provinces, the North-West, British Columbia, the Western States and Alaska, the Yukon, the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, affectionately unite in this expression of sincerest admiration and esteem, and of grateful appreciation of the splendid services rendered during the eight years and a half of your eminently successful command.

It would be impossible to say "Good-bye" without many deep feelings of regret, but having learned by your powerful example to consider first the Kingdom, we willingly yield you for other fields of labor, and though the parting causes sincere sorrow, we know that in heart we are linked together in bonds that can never be broken.

We would embrace this opportunity of heartily thanking you for the many personal kindnesses shown, and for the practical interest you have so signalized evidenced in the welfare of ourselves and families. Our children, by whom you are devotedly loved, have always been the particular objects of your tender care.

Your Christ-like character and noble example of self-sacrifice, constant toil, and devotion to duty, coupled with your zeal for the Kingdom of God and the salvation of souls, will forever influence our own character and work.

Your wonderful Officers' Councils will also bear fruit in all the future years of our service. They were times of inspiration, education, consecration, and pentecostal outpouring. You revealed the magnitude of our opportunities, and faithfully impressed upon us the responsibilities of our position and the importance of our work in the light of the eternal issues involved.

Your excellent legislative and administrative abilities have been demonstrated in the many new branches of salvation enterprise successfully inaugurated. Under your intrepid leadership our work has made substantial progress, and the Salvation Army has been lifted to the high position in the public estimation which it now enjoys.

The vast sphere of your influence is limitless. While privileged to bring the needs of our work before the wealthy and influential, you have ever claimed the poor as your constituency, and they will fondly remember you as the champion of their cause.

Good-bye, dear Commissioner. We shall miss the thrilling ring of your voice, the inspiration of your presence, the kindness and love you have lavished upon us; but you will leave behind the sweet fragrance of a fadeless memory, and we shall live over again the battles and victories in which we have shared.

May God bless you! Our prayers will continually follow you, and you may depend upon our remaining true to God and the principles of the Army.

Signed on behalf of the Staff and Field Officers of the Territory,

C. T. JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

FIELD BULLETINS

Newfoundland Nuggets.

A Report from Hezekiah.

Little Ward's Harbor.—God is still with us. Souls are getting saved. Last week three souls gave up sin. This week—two more. Some of the comrades are going away for the winter, but we who are left are going in for victory. We smashed our Harvest Festival target. The people of Little Ward's Harbor are all O. K.—Lieut. Hezekiah Witcher.

The Bishop Gone.

Bethelwoodville.—We have just said good-bye to our officers, Ensign and Mrs. Bishop, who have been in our midst for the past fifteen months. We have welcomed in our midst Capt. M. Burt. Two souls have recently come to Jesus and have found the sinner's friend. We are believing for a smash in the enemy's ranks.—C. C. Seabright.

Eastern Breezes.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP ON THE WAR PATH.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp paid a flying visit to Springfield, Amherst, and Sackville, Nov. 12th, 13th, and 15th. Saturday and Sunday at Springfield, where Ensign McElheney, the D. O., has things well in hand. Excellent times; building packed Sunday night, and seven souls at the mercy seat for the week-end.

Monday night at Amherst, where, despite the inclement weather, we had a nice crowd and very interesting meeting, in which the Rev. Mr. Chapman took part and gave us some sweet selections on the banjo and guitar, which was, without doubt, the best ever heard in the Province. The result of the meeting was seven souls for salvation. Capt. Redmond and Lieut. Greenskade, the officers in charge, made things very pleasant for us, and are expecting a glorious revival during the winter months.

Sackville Tuesday night. Capt. Brace is alone here, but is doing nobly; the work is progressing. We had an excellent time and four souls making a total of eighteen souls for the three corps visited.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp were accompanied by the noble D. O., Ensign McElheney, who helped to keep things rolling.

The Bible lessons at the different corps by Colonel and Mrs. Sharp were very effective, and will not soon be forgotten by those who listened. Captain Riley.



Short and Sweet.

Glace Bay.—We have good times here. Backsliders are coming home—Irishman.

An Old Comrade Present.

North Sydney.—Sunday morning's knee-drill was opened with a host of blood-and-fire warriors in attendance. The Ensign gave the meeting over to Sergeant-Major Stanier. Our old friend, who ranks as the first Cape Breton Sergeant-Major, of this corps, was also here, and, as usual, filled with glory from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. Lieut. Berry, who arrived Friday night, struck some tremendous hard rap, straight from the shoulder out, in our holiness meeting. She's a genuine Salvationist born in preacher and a War Cry hustler. The night's meeting capped the climax, when Mrs. Ensign Bewley read the lesson from the Acts of the Apostles, and told where the great Army Captain said to the cripple who had lost his whole life at the gate which is called Beaufort, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Peter said, and immediately he rose to his feet, shouting, leaping, and praising God. It's natural enough to imagine that if the Bible was written in our day it would have read: "The cripple went into the barracks, shouting, dancing, leaping, and praising God with both hands and feet." One backslacker at three o'clock, and one at the night meeting. Praise God! The revival has started. Hallelujah!—Treas.

"Concrete" Truth.

Charlottetown.—We have had a very blessed visit from Adj't Larder, our new D. O., from New Glasgow, N.S. All day she gave to us concrete truth along the good old lines that will never wear out, and intense has been the interest and very marked the evidence of deep conviction. The Adjutant consecrated Brother and Sister Ingram's little one in the afternoon. Our Musical meeting Tuesday night was quite a success. Lieut. McCullum, Mrs. Percy, Bro. Bridges, and others, were to the fore. Encores were very generously bestowed. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne have also been in evidence to-day. God bless them. The Lord's power is still manifest with us. We have had several out for pardon and for cleaned since last report. Others are almost peraded.—H...

In the Midst of Battle.

Halifax.—Victory along the whole front of our fighting line. The devil is having a hard time. We

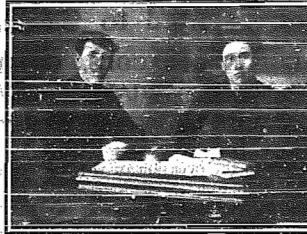
have, by the power of God, driven him from his trenches, and God is helping us to keep him on the run. Since last report, we have seen about twenty souls seeking God, some for holiness, but the majority for salvation. We expect to see many more in the near future. Our meetings are times of power, and our soldiers are all on fire for God and souls. Our united meetings are something exceeded, and we expect this winter, by the grace of God, to win many souls. Adj't. Wiggins is a Salvationist of the first water.—J. M. Pierce.

Eighteen Souls in Three Weeks.

Newcastle.—We are enjoying the showers of God's blessing in this part of His vineyard. Sinners are being saved and backsliders are returning to our God. The converts are taking their stand in the open-air and inside, telling others of the Saviour they have found. Within the past three weeks eighteen precious souls have proved His pardoning grace. The people of Newcastle are very kind; never have we met with a warmer-hearted people, and since coming here they have never let us want for any good thing. The soldiers, though few, are standing by us and doing their part well. May God bless and save, Newcastle.—Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove.

Promoted 'Midst Much Applause.

Hamilton, Ber.—Five souls have surrendered since our last report, and we are believing for many more. On Wednesday night we had a special united meeting, when all of the officers throughout the District were present, and also a number of the comrades from the different corps, including our jolly military tads, who are proving that God is able to keep them in the barracks room as well as in the hall. We had a real jolly time, and felt that it was good to be there. At our meeting Lieut. Donovan was promoted to Captain in Canada. With the D. O. called the Lieutenant to the front and acquainted



Capt. White and Lieut. Hall, St. John, N.B.

her of her promotion, for a minute or two the whole building was in a uproar. The Captain is well liked by the people of Hamilton, and they were delighted to hear of her promotion. She is worthy of it. She has done faithful service at this corner especially during the absence of the band, when the fight was the hardest, for one week the Lieutenant (now Captain) held the reigns alone and led her troops on nobly. Who is all right? Capt. Donovan. We are believing for some big times. Look out for reports.—F. M. R. C.

East Ontario News.

BRIGADIER TURNER ON THE WING.

"Fifteen minutes and we shall be there." With these words we gathered ourselves together, and very soon alighted on the platform of the Central Station in the Imperial City. The smiling countenance of Ensign Thompson greeted us, and while he hurried the Brigadier off to the quarters, the writer, who is not a stranger in Ottawa, fled away to "home sweet home."

Three o'clock found us together in the new Auditorium for Officers and Local Officers' Council, and what a time we did have. We met old friends, in the persons of Staff-Capt. Ellery, and her sister, Capt. Ellery, who are now finding quite at home in their new appointment in Ottawa.

Brigadier Turner, in the beginning of the meeting, gave us a review of the progress of the Salvation Army during the past ten years, and then continued with his subject on "Soul-Winning." I do not think the Ottawa louts will be apt to forget this council, and we came away fired with greater zeal and with a stronger determination to do more daring deeds for the great Master whom we serve. We would not forget the kind and thoughtful provision made by Ensign and Mrs. Thompson in preparing a tasty repast for the officers present.

Saturday noon saw us aboard the train for the town of Pembroke, where we were met by Captain Rose. The meeting at night was a very interesting one. The Rev. Dr. Bayne, of the Presbyterian Church, welcomed us to the town in a very warm and hearty manner. The theme of the meeting was

the great International Congress. This was an eye-opener to many of the people present.

The Sunday's meetings started off with knee-drill, where Capt. Rose was especially blessed in the singing of an appropriate solo.

Sunday afternoon and night meetings were conducted in the Town Hall, where good crowds gathered together. The afternoon meeting was a bright and happy time, the Brigadier's subject, "Broad and Narrow," was much enjoyed, also Ensign Thompson's earnest appeals went straight to the hearts of the people and conviction was written on many faces.

Sunday evening Brigadier Turner excelled himself on his subject, "How we spend our years." God was very present with us, and we had the joy of seeing seven souls surrender.

Monday evening was the crowning time, at least so thought Capt. Rose. All day the elf was full of excitement, and eight o'clock round the Methodist Church well filled to witness the marriage of Capt. Foley and Rose. The Rev. Mr. Smith welcomed us to his church, the Brigadier replying with a nice little talk on the work of the Salvation Army. Ensign Thompson, in his usual able manner, read and commented on the 23rd Psalm. The bridal party, supported by Capt. Webber and Brother Gilbert, then stepped to the front, and under the folds of the Yellow, Red, and Blue were united for God and the Salvation War. The Brigadier, in the name of the Commissioner, had much pleasure in presenting Capt. and Mrs. Rose to the rank of Ensign.

A large banquet was provided at the barracks, and the town band rendered good assistance with their music. During the meetings Captain Webber did her best to sing salvation into the hearts of the people by her songs. God bless the bride and groom in their new life of usefulness, is our earnest wish, and may His love over heart inspira.—W. E. D.



Lots of Big Goos.

Belleville.—We are still marching on to war. Since last report we have had some good times. Our new officers have arrived, Adjutant and Mrs. Cameron. We had a visit from Ensign Edwards. He gave a lantern service which proved a success. On Thursday we had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Turner. There was a good crowd at the meeting. After the meeting cake and coffee were served. Altogether we had an enjoyable time. Belleville gives all these specials a hearty welcome to come again. We are believing for some great times in the future.—Mitche.

Brockville.—This corps is on the move. The Captain is farewelling to-day, and although we would like to have him stay with us, we are thankful that we can look up to our blessed Lord and Master and say, "They will be done." Regarding our meetings recently, we have had a grand time, and our attendances. I must say in conclusion that we are sorry to report several soldiers called away on account of sickness and death of relatives—Brother and Sister Barton to the home of their mother, and Sister Watson to her mother, who passed away on Saturday, the 19th inst.—A Soldier.

A Visitor at Picton.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I had the pleasure of visiting Picton recently. On Friday evening a nice crowd assembled for holiness meeting, and the soldiers seemed all alive and full of enthusiasm. Saturday

Ensign Edwards gave as "Farmer Brown's Awakening," which was very much appreciated, after which we had a prayer meeting, and two sin-bound souls sought deliverance from their bonds. Sunday a few turned out for knee-drill and enjoyed a real "halleluja breakfast." At holiness meeting we all consecrated ourselves afresh to God. The soldiers turned out early for the afternoon open-air, and worked well in their war against sin. On arriving at the temporary barracks we found a large number awaiting us. After we struggled one poor backslider returned to the fold. I arrived at seven o'clock so as to be at the prayer meeting before the march, but the door was not opened, yet there the soldiers were on the landing having a red-hot prayer meeting. It was just beautiful, and the prayers were not in vain; for before we went home we had the joy of seeing fourteen more in the fountain, and several more asked to be prayed for. To God be all the glory! The Picton corps are looking forward for a new Citadel of their own in the near future. One thousand dollars is needed at once for this purpose. Donations will be thankfully acknowledged by Capt. Owen.—G. E.

Montreal Moving.

Montreal.—Praise God that we are still in the rear for God and souls. We had our D. O. with us Sunday, and God was with us all day long. We had good crowds from knee-drill till the close, and instances were good. Staff-Capt. Creighton led the holiness meeting, where God came and blessed those present. The free-and-easy was one of the old-time kind. At night the hall was full, and Staff-Capt. Miller read to us from God's Word. We have to praise God for the four precious souls that He gave us for the day's labor. The D. O. also did the soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, which was a blessing to all. To our Father in Heaven be all the glory.—Mike.

Kingston, Band at Napance.

Kingston.—The brass band has had a very successful week-end at Napance. They arrived there on Saturday afternoon and at once set about to make the meetings a success. The Band Sergeant, with some more band lads, went out selling tickets on the main street, and met with good success, while others held an open-air to announce the meeting. On Saturday night, as announced, the band gave a musical festival, which proved to be very interesting, and the large crowd gave evidence of this by their applause to each piece on the program. The meetings all day Sunday were conducted by the band and were times of blessing. The holiness meeting was preceded by a large open-air in front of the Royal Hotel. The collection here amounted to \$5.40. The meeting inside was a time of blessing to our souls. The Bandmaster read and fully pointed out the need of Christians being out-and-out for God, the afternoon meeting was marvelous. Bro. Kinch (the band chaplain for the occasion) lined out a song, which seemed to start things along in proper style, then before prayer we had that grand old song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," the singing of which touched every heart in the meeting, and, by the way, the people of Napance know how to sing. In this meeting God came very near, and at the close we rejoiced to see five precious souls crying to God for pardon. In the meeting at night God's convicting spirit was at work, and many felt the need of giving God their heart, but would not yield. So closed one of the best week-ends the Kingston band has ever had. Finances, \$40.65; souls, 5; blessings, abundant.—Cub.

Ottawa.—We have had the great farewell meeting of our beloved Commissioner, Miss Booth, which was a monster demonstration. Four souls lately have found pardon for their past transgressions. We have also received a valuable addition to our band in the person of Bandman Fellowe, late of Montreal. The Juniors also opened the new Citadel with a grand evening's program of flag drills, songs, readings, and recitations, on Thursday, Nov. 10th. Ensign Thompson presided in a capable manner, and everything was successfully carried through. Great credit is due to J. S. Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Heath for its success. Brigadier Turner returned on the following day and conducted an Officers' and Local Officers' Council at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Brigadier gave a ten years' statistical account of the progress of the Army, and good, sound advice was imparted concerning the needs and interests of the work. Ensigns Thompson and Slater participating. Capt. Mabel Webster was also present and

rendered some beautiful solos. The Brigadier conducted a large holiness meeting in the evening. It was a soul-searching time, and Capts. Allan and Webber, with guitars, sang some sweet solos. Lieut. Carpenter, who has been on rest, said good-bye and has gone back to his corps.—See French.

The Toon of Diserint.

Mister Editor,—I that ye wood lik tu heir frum me. Wal, I tuk a strok up the stree at ther wer sum ladies and gentlemen goin tu the Army. An they says, "say us, 'Air youse cum'n tu the Army the nite?" An I says, says I, "Wy, what is up ther?" An they tell me the Ensin and Misses Bradbury was farwell, so says I, "I'll go." An I got ther alrite. Say, Mister Editor, youse woodnt do the brakles now if youse wood cum to this town. It is al painted up fin. They tell me that the Ensin un his wif painted it al themselves. My, it shun up! The people thinks around hur they air a part or mity int Ensins, an they air sole to los them. They air havin a kake an coffee social nite nite, an it's m'self that's goin to git a piece of kake, so I'll stop fur now. Youself heft frum myself agin by-an-by another toime. Yours'll folgiv me fur takin up to much runn. Gud-by fur now.—Movin' Judie.

Prospects Cheering.

Cobourg.—We are still enjoying the smile of God. On Sunday we had good meetings, and although we did not have any visible results, we felt that God was working on the hearts of the people. We have welcomed Cadet Muir, who has come to help Captain Soward with the work in Cobourg. We are in for victory, and by God's help we are going to have victory.—Pat.

Central Clippings.

An Appreciated Special.

Ottawa—It was announced that Brigadier Howell would do a week-end's meetings at our corps, and we looked forward with great expectations. Oh, how delighted we were to see him step off the train. And at the excitement on the streets, being Guy Fawkes night, we had a good meeting. The Brigadier enrolled nine soldiers. There were others to be enrolled, but wanted longer time to think about it. We are believing to see them within the fold shortly. Sunday was a wonderful day. At the holiness meeting God came near. Brigadier spoke from the words, "Try the spirits, and know whether they are of God." Three came out for sanctification. A beaut-

ful meeting in the afternoon and one soul. The Sunday night meeting, the words "Will a man rob God?" were driven home by the Spirit's power. The meetings were a success in every way. We took in \$16 for the week-end, which was \$10 over the average.

Temple Triumphs.

Toronto IV.—It is often said, "Silence is golden," and while we have not taken advantage of the Editor's kindness to record our doings in the interesting columns of the War Cry, we have by no means fallen into the background. Ensign Cornish, Capts. Minnis and New, the Provincial Revivalists, have been with us. Their stay was much appreciated by the Temple comrades. Good crowds attended these special meetings, and sixty men and women knelt at the mercy seat. Our D. O. Staff-Captain Cass, gave us a week-end, being assisted in the last one by Ensign Gillam, from the North-West, who was on his way to take charge of Montreal. His singing of "Keep your heart a-singing all the time" was a real treat. Then last Monday night we were privileged with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the Provincial Officer, and the officers commanding the various city corps. Thanksgiving was celebrated in proper blood-and-fire style, when sixteen recruits were enrolled as full-fledged soldiers of the Salvation Army and seventy local officers were commissioned, the prominent ones being Bro. David Coul, Sergeant-Major; Bro. Rice, Treasurer; Mrs. Symington, Secretary; Mrs. Stacey, Publication Sergeant-Major; Bro. McCartney, Penitent Form Sergeant-Major; Bro. Symington, Color-Sergeant; Bro. Somers, Deputy Bandmaster; Bro. Cranfield, Band Secretary; Bro. Fred Sparks, Band Sergeant; Bro. Murdoch, Leader of the Songsters Brigade; Mrs. C. Allen, Deputy Leader of the Songsters Brigade; Sister Ruth Wilesley, J. S. Treasurer. Some of the Headquarters officers who are soldiers at the Temple, also held important commissions, namely, Staff-Capt. H. Morris as Bandmaster; Adj't. Easton, Pianist; Adj't. W. C. Arnold, War Cry Correspondent and Advertising Secretary; Capt. Peacock, J. S. Sergeant-Major, and Capt. Crossman as B. O. L. Sergeant-Major. With such a fine representation of locals, a loyal and brave lot of soldiers, a musical combination of such exceptional ability as the Temple Band and the Songsters Brigade, and lastly, being led on by such able, devoted and towering officers as Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, we are sure of one of the best winter campaigns we have ever known.—W. C. A.

A Hallelujah Wedding.

The Training Home corps has had its first hallelujah wedding. On Wednesday night last Sister Minnie Heagan and Bro. Wm. Gibbons were united in marriage by Major Sianyon. A wedding, and especially a hallelujah wedding, always has a very magnetic influence to draw a crowd, and as a result O'Neill's Hall was gorged with a very interested audience. After the preliminaries of the meeting were gone through, the Major called on the contracting parties to step forward while he read the Salvation Army Marriage Service. The "I wills" were spoken clearly and unhesitatingly, the Major pronounced them man and wife, and the deed was done. Some interesting speeches followed, from Adj't. Smith on behalf of the single gentlemen, while Capt. Haggerty, "the best man," spoke on his own behalf, followed by a speech from the bridegroom and bride. At the close of the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, with their friends, repaired to a wedding supper arranged for them by Mrs. Massingham, where a very enjoyable time was spent.

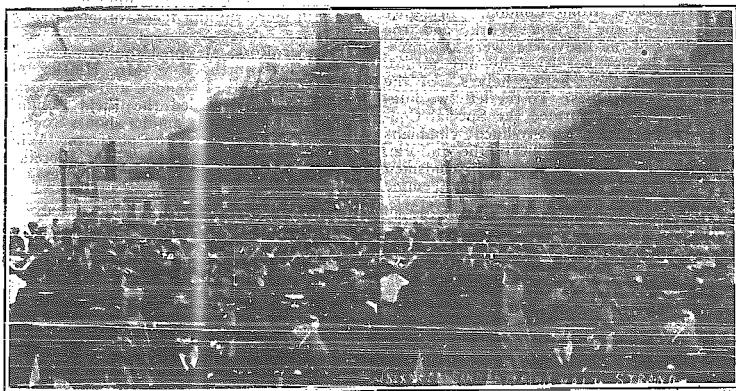
Pastors Took Part.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Friday night, Nov. 18th, ended a week of revival campaign in which the pastors of the different city churches took an active part. From early Sunday morning until late Friday night the devil's stronghold was bombarded, though there were but few prisoners taken. The spirit of our Lord was in our midst and a beautiful impression was seen throughout the entire week. We had an average attendance at our open-air of sixteen. Thursday night Mrs. White and Capt. McKim showed their ability in the way the children were trained for this occasion. Through their guidance, Mrs. White and Capt. McKim have won for themselves many warm friends. We then learned that our officers, Ensign and Mrs. White and Capt. McKim had received farewell orders, and at this point I must say a word about their labor in our midst. They have been untiring workers and have been warmly received wherever they went. They have, by the grace of God, arisen from the minds of the people of the Soo the last remnants of prejudice. We trust and pray that God will bless them in their new field of labor, and pray that God will be with them till we meet again—if not on earth, then surging around the throne.—W. H. Thompson.

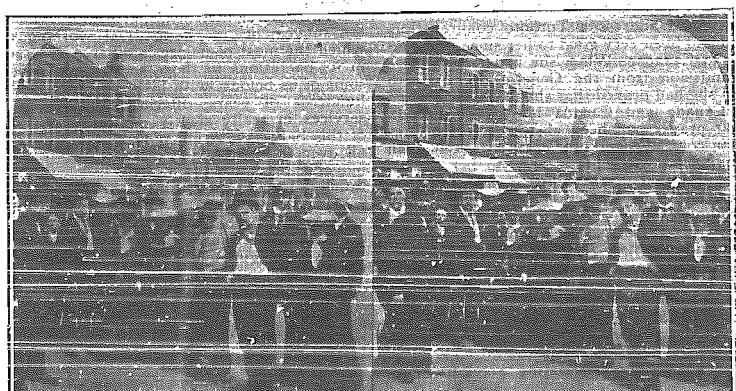
Victory All-Day Sunday.

Esther St., Praise God for victory all day Sunday. Capt. and Mrs. Walker are the right officers in the right place. Eleven persons at knee-drill on Sunday morning. Thank God for the increase. Holiness meeting well attended; two dear souls came to the mercy seat and got their sins washed away. Afternoon meeting was grand, and the power of God was felt by all. The night meeting capped all; barracks full, and lots had to be turned away for want of room. Oh, that meeting! It will long be remembered! One poor young man sought "pardon." Oh, how he cried to God to be delivered, and was on his knees for some time, but went away without realizing that God had fully pardoned him. We had a minister address the meeting, and his fire and zeal stirred up soldiers and sinners. Oh, it was good to be there. To my Jesus we give all the glory.—A. Knibbs.

OUR STEREOGRAPHIC VIEWS.



15.—Bermuda Band entering International Hall.



16.—Visiting the Army's Birthplace.

Farewell Campaign of Miss Booth.

(Continued from page 5.)

Sunday Morning.

A real old-time, blood-and-fire holiness meeting is the announcement for Sunday morning, and the glorious gathering was opened with the united singing of an old-time holiness song, "Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord," lined out by Brigadier Turner, from Montreal, and joined heartily by the hundreds of officers and soldiers who filled the Temple. Brigadier Howell prayed with us, and as we knelt and sang softly together, "I shall know Him," truly He did reveal more of Himself to every heart open to receive. Colonel Jacobs, the indefatigable and popular Chief Secretary, in charge of this meeting, took the reins, and to get us all united, so that no one should feel stiff, lined out the second verse of Song 158, "Lord Jesus, let nothing unloved remain." "Now," he says, "let us put the stress on the 'me' and 'I,' and claim this perfect cleansing for ourselves. Don't be too generous, and leave yourself out of this grand blessing that is coming down." Several times we sang the verse and chorus, and with each successive singing of it greater blessings poured down. Praise be to God. Mrs. Adj't. Kendall and Adj't. Alward were called upon to say a few words, and each of their blessed testimonies were such as inspired the hearts of the Christians and made envious the hearts of the unsaved.

Colonel Pugmire, in as little time as possible, made the day's announcements, and then we were favored with a selection very creditably rendered by the Staff Band.

The Colonel took for his lesson John iii. 19, and dwelt upon the theme of "Light," and for some considerable time carried the hearts of his hearers and led them out and on, and the "light of God" streamed into every soul. Oh, the revelations to some hearts! God's will was made clearer and the cross of Calvary shown more prominently, and the voice of Jesus became clearer to many, many halting souls, as seen by the results.

Colonel Pugmire took hold of the prayer meeting, which ended with eleven souls kneeling at the altar to reconsecrate body, soul, and spirit "a living sacrifice" to God, and such a work done in the hearts of God's own children indicates that a great work will surely follow among the sinners.—S. C.

Sunday Afternoon.

Not much time between meetings 'tis true, but all has been on deck at the stated time for the open-air. Two wonderful open-airs were held—one by the visiting officers, and one at a different point by the band—and at nearly three the band marched around to where the other open-air was just finishing, and the two made one magnificent procession to the Temple, where the worthy Chief Secretary was again to the front.

"We're traveling home to heaven above," was the opening song, lined out by Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskin, followed by prayer by Mrs. Brigadier Turner and Brigadier McMillan.

The renowned Temple Singers then sang one of their favorite songs, "The good old Gospel ship."

Colonel Jacobs then made some remarks about what God had done for us, and of the wonderful manifestations of His power already even in the commencement of the Congress, and prophesied that even greater things were to be accomplished. "I believe that the winter's campaign shall be a grand soul-saving success," was his idea, and our hearts said "Amen."

"My God, I am Thine," was sung by young and old, rich and poor. Who doesn't know that old-time favorite? It ascended right to the throne of almighty God, who sent the glory to every individual. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor spoke of God's saving grace and a band selection was given by the Temple band. Brigadier Howell then sang very feel-

ingly a couple of verses of "Down at the Saviour's feet," and Brigadier Turner read very appropriately from the 90th Psalm, "We spend our years as a tale that is told," dwelling upon the theme of opportunities wasted and improved, and in his forcible manner made the truths to impress and stay with each conscience and in each heart, and at the close one dear brother came from the back of the hall and knelt weeping at the Saviour's feet, where sins are all pardoned and transgressions covered, and as the time had already gone we were compelled to close. But faith was inspired and increased for the night's meeting in the Massey Hall.—S. C.

The Last Sunday in Massey Hall.

Indescribable was the intense excitement preceding the last Sunday night's meeting of the Commissioner in Toronto. Early the crowds besieged the doors of the Massey Hall in spite of the decided drop in temperature; and when at last the doors swung back and within twenty minutes the entire structure was packed with humanity, there were still hundreds turned away.

The crowd was thoroughly representative, all classes of the community being present to do honor to Miss Booth, whose strong influence on the rise and development of the Army, and in general upon the public, in the direction of righteousness and virtue will live long.

The platform presented an imposing array. Immediately to the right of the Commissioner sat the leading officers of the Territory: Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskin, General Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel Friedrich, Editor-in-Chief; the Provincial Officers as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Sharp, from the East; Brigadier Smeeton, from Newfoundland; Brigadier McMillan, of Spokane, and Brigadier Burdett, from Winnipeg, and the three Ontario Provinces represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Pugmire, Toronto; Brigadier Turner, Montreal, and Brigadier Hargrave, from London. Brigadier Archibald, of the Prison Work, and the Chancellors of the Provinces, were also present. Lastly, but not least by any means, were most of the "better halves" of the above-named dignitaries. To the left two hundred picked voices formed the Special Congress Choir, whose many-hued chuddahs brightened the sombre blue of the uniform. On the right about one hundred bandsmen of the Lisgar St., Lippincott St., and Temple Bands, presented a magnificent spectacle. Their playing elicited much praise, and the whole composition of these bands shows a very great improvement. Their precise and melodic playing was a pleasing surprise to many who heard them for the first time.

The meeting opened with the singing of "My Jesus, I love Thee," in which the vast audience joined heartily. After prayer by Mrs. Adj't. Kendall and Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskin, the Headquarters Male Quartet rendered a number.

In opening her discourse, Miss Booth said that it was with mingled feelings she realized that it was the last Sabbath evening on which she would address a Toronto congregation. God had been very good to her since her coming to Canada. When she had received her commission from the General, Miss Booth said she had prayed that she might be blessed to Canada and Canada blessed to herself. That prayer had been answered. Her Canadian comrades and officers and the Canadian people had become endeared to her by ten thousand fond ties. Toronto, however, had been her Headquarters and her home, and she thought that the people of the other portions of her Territory would understand when she said she had always felt that Toronto had special claims on her time, her attention, and the affections of her heart, and it would be the wrench of parting with the people of Toronto that she would feel most. Her most ardent prayer for the two farewell meetings was that they might be made, through God's blessing, a means of lasting good to many souls.

The Commissioner chose for her text the beautiful quotation from Isaiah, "Thou re-

mainest," and upon this great declaration of the Omnipotent Immortal based what might properly be termed a complete declaration of the Army's teachings. Her address was one of the most logical and powerful ever heard in this Territory, and its effect was electric.

Thirty souls crowned the efforts of the evening; but that is but a fraction of the total result. Next morning messages reached the Commissioner from a number of people who were anxious to express their appreciation and testify to the blessings received. One man, sceptically inclined before, telephoned to Miss Booth to say that her address of Sunday night had changed the whole current of his life, and deeply influenced his whole family.

The Final Farewell.

The last meeting—the very last. Surely it could not be. The Field Commissioner has always been the central, the chief, figure in all the undertakings, great and small, of the Salvation Army during the past eight years and a half; so to try and make ourselves realize that we had come up to her final farewell meeting was quite out of the question.

As the hour approached, however, and the crowds began to gather in the great Massey Hall, expressions of regret at the Commissioner's departure reaching our ears from every quarter, it seemed that we could better understand our victorious leader was about to leave us.

The night came in keen. The frost in the early morn had made us seek out our heavy winter overcoats, and as the day wore on, especially after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the wind was piercing, the snow forewarning us to lay down the collars of our overcoats.

As we entered the spacious Massey Hall once more, we observed, in the variety of color, the Songsters on the left of the large platform, appearing from the far distant galleries as a kaleidoscope. Then about seventy Toronto bandsmen, with shining instruments and still more shining faces, ornamented the right.

Premier Ross, Mayor Urquhart, Commissioner Coatsworth, Rev. Mr. Hincks, Mr. Hoskin, Rev. Mr. Freeman, and many other celebrities accompanied the Field Commissioner to the platform, amidst shouts from the pit, two galleries, and the platform. When quietness was restored the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, read a farewell address, the full text of which is given on page 9.

The Chief Secretary was immediately followed by Premier Ross, who rose to say:

"It affords me intense pleasure to be here to-night, and to have the honor of presiding at this farewell of Miss Booth."

Any resident of Toronto must have felt a very keen appreciation of the work of the Salvation Army as it is carried on in this city, and those who have watched the carrying on of that work by your beloved Commissioner could not have failed to notice the intense zeal, energy, and enthusiasm with which Miss Booth has done her part of the work.

"The Salvation Army is, of course, a modern movement, in the general working of which the most of us are familiar. Different in its operations to those societies to which some of us belong, with histories dating back hundreds of years, offering their splendid services in really stately edifices, the work of this Salvation Army is now spread nearly all over the world, and the members of the movement possess more or less with the same spirit as the Commissioner."

"The members of the Salvation Army have stretched forth their helping hands to a class of people the churches hardly ever reach. The work begun by General Booth in England marks an era in the Christian history of the 19th century. (Applause.)

"In modern times there has been a greater appreciation of the grand work amongst the outcasts and the down-trodden as it is carried on throughout the world by General Booth. (Applause.)

"The organizer of this movement is an extraordinary personality. He is possessed with an organizing power without which

great operations cannot be carried on. This is the age of great organizations—some for good, others perhaps not so good—but in the case of General Booth, he had that wonderful organizing power which enabled him to devote his life, and so to assign to his respective officers their individual share of responsibility, that the whole world has been evangelized by his Army. (Applause.)

"Not only in Christian communities has this splendid work of the Salvation Army gone forth, but in the worst haunts of vice have the members of the movement followed in General Booth's footsteps, and endeavored to garner the harvests, the seeds of which the founder has industriously sown.

"The remarkable advance of the Salvation Army in Canada of late years would lead us to believe that the beloved daughter of General Booth is possessed of the same spirit, and has been endowed with much of the ability of her distinguished father, on account of the excellent manner in which she has been enabled to carry on the work in Canada assigned to her.

"In the reading of that address, I noticed the Territory over which Commissioner Booth has had the jurisdiction is larger than the Dominion. I think that address foretells what will yet be the boundaries of this Dominion. From the Yukon to Ontario is a long distance—a fair distance. We have not taken in Newfoundland. Miss Booth has made the power of her administration felt there. We have not yet taken in the Bermudas; but these Islands have come under the oversight of the commander of the Salvation Army. In these respects the Commissioner of the Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada has greater jurisdiction than the Governor-General of Canada.

"As to the work Commissioner Booth has done during her term of office, I cannot speak as fully as those who have been associated with her. We do know, however, that the operations of the Salvation Army have been carried to those who most need help; especially, perhaps are we familiar with the Prison Gate Work, which effort reaches those particularly who forget the path of duty. What I have always admired about the Salvation Army is that they never let go of a poor fellow when he is down. (Applause.) There are so many who profess, and who are in a great many respects Christian men and women, but who are really not Good Samaritans after all, but Priests and Levites who pass by on the other side. But this is not the way with the members of the Salvation Army—they never let go, and it is just when a poor fellow is down and needs helping the very most that the Salvation Army seems to be on his side. We cannot help but feel that the Army thus exercises a power which must make itself felt, and which I hope will increase in influence as the years go by.

"It is the business of a chairman to say very little, and to-night I have neither to say much or to do much, but will call upon those who are to be called upon. I have very great pleasure now in presenting Miss Booth."

Before the Commissioner arose to speak the Songsters sang that martial song, "Thou Shepherd of Israel."

The Commissioner's Address.

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mayor, My Dear Comrades and Friends.—The very beautiful sentiments just expressed so eloquently, so ably, by our honored chairman, the Premier, and that very kind address read by my Chief Secretary, voicing such tender and appreciative expressions of the work which I have endeavored to do, have stirred my heart to its deepest recesses, and I am sure you will understand me easily, and readily when I say that, realizing that this is the last time I shall rise to speak to you as Commissioner of this Territory, I find that I can only do so with a great deal of difficulty, for my heart truly is very full.

"I cannot help but say that the tributes you have paid to my efforts are altogether kind and generous.

"The words just spoken by the Premier, expressing such generous appreciation of my personal labors and efforts in the interests

of our work during the time of my leadership in this country will not only be ever remembered by me, but treasured and valued.

"When this Territory was committed to my charge I consecrated by life to the blessing of its people, and for the conversion of the unsaved. By faith in the Lamb of God, I have preached nothing else; I have lived for nothing else; I have taken no food, and no sleep, no recreation, except such as would make me stronger for this work.

"Every faculty of my mind I have marshalled for this assault. Every passion of my soul I have enlisted in this cause! I have only wanted that friendship which would give me a better opportunity for finding my way into the hearts of men! And all the toil and sacrifice in the interests of this country's people have been easy for me, loving them as I have.

"I find this farewell is an occasion for great review.

"I stand upon the summit lifted by the past eight years and review the travel of the mountain climb with thorough satisfaction. I can trace all through the winding path landmarks of desperate conflicts and glorious victories in the work—difficulties encountered and difficulties overcome; enemies confronted, and enemies conquered, and as I stand here to-night I feel emotions of gratitude and joy and thanksgiving all clamoring to the top, yet I think the feeling of gratitude is at this moment the most dominant.

"The eight years have been eventful years. They have been eventful to me. They have been eventful to the Salvation Army; they have been eventful to the religious history of this country. God has been good. He has proved Himself bountiful in the bestowing of His mercies. He has proved Himself all-powerful in making the weak to conquer the mighty. He has proved Himself omnipotent in delivering victims of sin and sorrow and trouble in all parts of this Territory by His uttermost Salvation, and, while sad to-night in leaving you, I am gladder than glad to declare at the end of my career that Jesus has been with us.

"He has been our pioneer and our reinforcements. He has adjusted our wrongs; the hope in our discouragements; the triumph of our battles; the peace in all our storms; the guide through our perplexities; the object of all our ministry, and He will be the brightest gem of all in our crown.

"Now it is expected that I shall give some report in connection with our work. I do not want to weary anyone with a long list of figures. I am no great mathematician. For one reason I have never considered myself a very good mathematician. In all my public experience I have never met a congregation that was captivated by statistics. To give some information of the onward march we have made in the saving of the sinner and uplifting of the poor, the comforting of the sorrowful, would, I think, be of interest to all."

"I will classify my remarks under three headings:

"1. Our Increase in Equipments, or Machinery.

"2. Our Increase in Operations.

"3. Our Increase in Finance in Support of that Work.

"We have made striking and substantial addition in the erection of a number of new properties, in the form of suitable buildings for the execution of our operations.

"Our S. A. barracks the world round has been the harbor in which the storm-beaten has found refuge—the home—threshold to which the wanderer has returned—the temple, where the pure in heart have brought their offerings, where the greatest sinner and the greatest Saviour have met.

"While in many cities we have turned warehouses, old stores and barns into good account, God proving again and again able to wash away man's guilt just as well in a stable as in a cathedral, yet we have been greatly handicapped for want of proper buildings, erected on a Salvation Army plan, and I have given a great deal of my time and attention for the erection of these, wherever possible;

"In the different cities where schemes

have been set on foot, soldiers and officers have worked vigorously and untiringly for the necessary funds, generously contributing themselves to further the scheme, and we have been enabled to erect seventy-four public halls in the Dominion.

"These are built by the Salvation Army, and are the property of the Salvation Army, offering every facility for Salvation Army work.

"The most important property erected during my command has been that of the Territorial Training College in Toronto. It is a \$30,000 property, on a magnificent site in the heart of the city.

"Whilst in its building due regard was paid to economy, there was no sacrifice made of the utility and efficiency of the institution. While it is built with the massive front, it has two distinct wings, for men and women, and can accommodate sixty Cadets, and, with a little alteration, which has been contemplated, will accommodate one hundred. The building has every modern equipment, and while plain, holds every facility for a Training College.

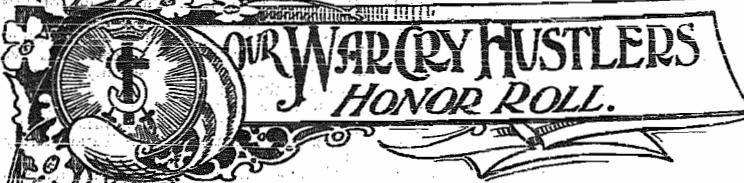
"Perhaps here I should say that an event of importance during the past eight years has been the inauguration of our Training work in this country. Because of the estimable value we put upon man's spirit, and spiritual attainments, we do not minimize the importance of his having scholastic and Biblical equipment with that general tact and knowledge Salvation Army work requires. The task of reaching and saving the lower and darker classes, educating their tastes, elevating their desires, inculcating principles of obedience to superior authority, and finally marshalling them into a life of service to their fellow-man, is a work of no small skill, as well as of no little devotion.

"Then, no work has brought to my woman's heart greater satisfaction and true joy than the rapid strides that have been taken by our efforts among the depraved, the helpless, and the broken hearts of the street. All who have labored in this particular line of ministration admit that no work is so discouraging, and often fruitless. With us, I say here to-night, giving all the glory to the fathomless mercy of Christ my Lord, and to the great hearts bursting with love of my faithful officers, that we have found the blessedly encouraging.

"During the past eight years 5,134 women have passed through our institutions; 4,777 have been registered as satisfactory, being 92 per cent.

"Then there are our evangelistic operations: that work which embraces the daily efforts of our corps' officers for the salvation of the people. Many supposed that this phase of our work would decline because of the attention demanded by our social claims. In this they have been mistaken; not only has the pace set been maintained, and not only are we still doing the same kind of work at which we started, hunting over the wastes of darkness for the lost sheep, but our reports go to prove we are doing it more efficiently. We believe more than ever in the conversion of sinners, and making them into saints. The paramount issue to-day is the elevation of mankind—political, financial and national issues are of great importance, but only secondary considerations to the making of men. The prosperity of the community rests upon the character of its people—Righteous men exalteth a nation." The Salvation Army has taken the weak things of the earth and made them strong. This country has been benefited by the work, in that many of its citizens have added moral wealth to its store. The whole purpose of the Salvation Army is the saving of the people. The faith of the Salvationist believes that for greatest sin there is completest pardon; for lowest crime, there is highest deliverance; for deepest sin, there is the greatest Saviour, and by unwavering faith in the sacrifice of our Lord, which gives for death and hell, Life and Heaven. Thousands of men and women have been captured from the enemy's camp, and marshalled into companies, regiments and battalions of the Lord God Almighty.

(Continued on page 16.)



A remedy suggested—The Names of the Brave Uncle Gives a Motto or Two.

The same old song—the East again at the top and the others in their same positions. What is required, honest sisters and brothers, is a pound or two of boomers dynamite to alter the stationary condition of things.

Push, pluck, and desperation are three qualities that will help War Cry hustlers.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Champion boomer is Duncan Martin, of Glace Bay, closely followed by our dear and well-tried comrades, P. S.-M. Mrs. Casbin, of Halifax, and P. S.-M. Mulcahy, of Montreal I. These three braves, and a few others who are nearly at the top, help one's spirits a little, and lift the shadow somewhat of disappointment.

♦ ♦ ♦

Now, dear beloved boomers, let me give unto you all a motto of my own making: "Strive to reach the top." Unto those who are at ease in Zion I would say: "Get a move on."

♦ ♦ ♦

Let us have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together at this War Cry chariot, so that we may sweep on to some glorious triumphs this coming winter.

From your Devoted Uncle.

Hustlers Rhymes No. 4.

This is the writer of Hustlers' Notes, Who never Billy Shakespeare quotes.

He is a wise and learned man,
His boots are black and never tan;
His ink is dark, his pen is swift,
He praises the boomers' pluck and thrift.
He's having his own troubles, you know.

What troubles? Why, with Non-Boomers, Oh!

Eastern Province.

109 Hustlers.

Duncan Martin, Glace Bay.	300
P. S.-M. Mrs. Casbin, Halifax.	250
Ensign Mortlock, Woodstock.	130
Lieut. McMaster, Canuing.	120
Lieut. Jones, Halifax.	125
Capt. Long, New Glasgow.	125
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton.	125
Capt. B. Murchison, St. John II.	125
Ensign Martin, Sydney.	150
Mrs. Ensign Bowering, North Sydney.	130
Capt. Bernard, Eastport.	110
E. Jackson, Yarmouth.	110
Capt. Smith, New Aberdeen.	110
Capt. Sirotinoff, Moncton.	110
Lieut. McKay, Sydney.	100

90 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Armstrong, Houlton; Lieut. Clark, Chatham; Lieut. Berry, Kentville; P. S.-M. McAlahan, Londonberry; Lieut. Smith, Campbeleton.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Whales, New Glasgow; Ensign Campbell, Truro.

70 and Over.—Capt. Legge, Bear River; Captain Ritchie, Liverpool; Capt. Brace, Sackville; Ensign Laws, Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton; Lieut. Townsend, Truro.

50 and Over.—Cadet Hardwick, Newcastle; Jessie Irons, Windsor; Capt. McLennan, Dominion; Treas. J. Brown, Ensign Allan, Halifax II.; Lieut. Selig, Westville; Ensign Prince, Lieut. Wyld, Carleton; Lieut. Greenlaide, S. M. Robertson, Amherst; Mrs. Chambers, Calais; Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.

40 and Over.—Lieut. Walters, Capt. Conrad, Digby; Lieut. Grant, Clark's Harbor; Beiste Sharpen, Ellen Bushett, Windsor; Capt. McGillivray, Mary Plummer, Summerside; Sergt. McFarlane, Sydney Mines; Capt. Berier Long, Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown; Capt. Bassingthwaite, Bridgewater; Willie Terrell, Springhill; Treas. Mercer, St. John V.; Nelle Buck, Sackville; Cadet Braden, Calais; Ensign Clark, Parrsboro; Lieut. Berry, Capt. Trafton, Kentville.

30 and Over.—Alice Watts, Halifax; Capt. Harrington, Newcastle; Lieut. Crowell, Dominion; Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax II.; Capt. Dakin, Mrs. Dakin, Sergt. Doyle; Maxta IV.; Sergt. Scott, Westville; J. S. S.-M. Murray, Sydney Mines; Capt. Trafton, Kentville; Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton; Capt. Osilive, Fall-

2nd and Over.—Lillie Coule, Jennie Coul, Campbellton; Lieut. Glen, Capt. Hamilton, St. John III.; Lieut. Emory, Fairville; Sergt. Harfield, Sergt. Walton, Parrsboro; P. S.-M. Chase, Mrs. Fleming, Fredericton; Mrs. Fraser, Halifax; Sergt. Mrs. Purdy, North Sydney; Capt. Backus, Yarmouth; M. Hamilton, Windsor; Lieut. Jaynes, Hillsboro; M. McLean, Sam Bouteiller, Dominion; Sergt. England, Chatham; Ensign Miller, Westville; Capt. L. Simms, Mrs. Wilkie, Lieut. Gordon, Lunenburg; Lieut. Harris, Summerside; Sergt. McDonald, Charlottetown; Jack Scott, Lieut. Crowell, Dominion; Capt. McKay, Capt. Tatum, Whitney Pier; Ensign Green, Capt. Speck, Inverness; Lieut. Galway, Bridgewater; Mary Turner, Capt. F. White, St. John V.; Cadet Hazelton, Hillsboro.

Central Ontario Province.

76 Hustlers.

Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	160
Capt. Crocker, Sudbury	175
Miss Caskie, St. Catharines	150
P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott	142
Adjt. Newman, Barrie	120
Sergt. Miles, Parry	120
Capt. Oke, North Bay	120
Capt. M. Stephens, Midland	100
Lieut. Andrews, Meadford	100
Ensign McCann, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Capt. Deuterwilla, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Sergt. L. Coy, Hamilton I.	100
Capt. Capper, Dovercourt	100

90 and Over.—Lieut. H. Meeks, Dundas; Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverville.

80 and Over.—Ensign Hoddinott, Fenelon Falls; Capt. Griffith, Collingwood; Sergt. A. Andrews, Tempe-

70 and Over.—Capt. Pynn, St. Catharines; P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville; Lieut. M. Longer, Parry Sound.

60 and Over.—Capt. J. Marshall, Brantford; Sister Prince, Hamilton I.; Capt. New, Riverdale; Sec. Richards, Lindsay; Mrs. Calvert, Capt. Culver, Orillia.

50 and Over.—Capt. Hudgins, Gravenhurst; Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.; Sergt. Irwin, Lippincott; Capt. Currell, Chelcy; Staff-Capt. Coombs, Temple; Lieut. Brocock, Uxbridge; Lieut. A. Weinholt, Burk's Falls; Mrs. Cornelius, Esther St.; Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.

40 and Over.—Lieut. Hurd, Hamilton II.; Mrs. Phillips, Junction; Sergt. Cardell, Lindsay St.; Mrs. Adjt. Parsons, Lindsay; Mrs. Adjt. Habirk, Hamilton I.; Capt. A. Walker, Esther St.; Sergt. Mrs. Stacey, Sergt. Little Allan, S. M. Andrews, Temple; Lieut. Varnell, Capt. Jago, Newmarket.

30 and Over.—Sister Smith, Hamilton I.; Mrs. Smallman, Hamilton I.; Mrs. Calver, Ensign Banks, Bowmanville; Mrs. Adjt. Hyde, Esther St.; Sergt. Eva Freeman, Lippincott; Capt. Stollker, Riverdale; Capt. Quafe, Kinnmount.

20 and Over.—Sergt. Gibson, Bowmanville; Capt. A. Jordan, Lieut. Plummer, Gore Bay; Mrs. Capt. Wedge, Huntsville; Capt. McMillan, Hamilton I.; Capt. Lamb, Lieut. Langdon, Aurora; Treas. Helson, Lindsay; Sister Wood, Burie; Capt. M. Wade, Lieut. Stimers, Bro. Haslam, Bro. Moore, Orangeville; Sergt. Fletcher, Burk's Falls; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Coombs, Sergt. Wingate, Aggle Cairns, Temple; Mrs. Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.; Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.; P. S.-M. Head, Kinnmount; Elmer Canniff, Gore Bay.

East Ontario Province.

75 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	270
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	204
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa I.	150

Capt. Oldford, Brockville

Ensign Randall, Barre

Lieut. Thompson, Nanapee

Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke

Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury

Lieut. Cole, Quebec

Capt. Gates, Peterboro

Annie Snyder, Smith's Falls

Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.

Mrs. Nashin Bradbury, Deseronto

90 and Over.—Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.; Captain Owen, Picton; Capt. O'Neill, Lieut. Morris, Burlington; Capt. Ash, Gananoque.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Miller, Prescott; Mrs. Brown, Kingston; S. M. Stevenson, Peterboro.

70 and Over.—Lieut. Hodges, Penetanguishene; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Cornwall; Staff-Capt. Ferry, Mrs. Capt. Perry, Kingston; Ensign Gammidge, Lieut. Thornton, Port Hope; Mrs. Adjt. Johnson, Peterboro.

60 and Over.—Sergt. Hatcher, Montreal I.; Sergt. Raymo, Barre.

50 and Over.—Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.; Sister Nicholson, Lieut. Gordon, Newport; Lieut. Pentol, Millbrook; Lieut. Smith, Cornwall; Capt. Boward, Lieut. Kelley, Cobourg; P. S.-M. Arnold, Ogdensburg.

40 and Over.—Ensign White, Montreal II.; Capt. Lowrie, Lieut. Duckworth, Trenton; Capt. Aylsworth, Ogdensburg.

30 and Over.—Sergt. Parks, Eva Schnell, Montreal I.; Mrs. Ensign White, Montreal II.; Bro. Ward, Newport; Lieut. McFadden, Lieut. Thomas, Tweed; Mrs. Ancanson, Picton; S. M. Harbour, Ottawa I.; Mary Dixon, Kingston; Capt. Bushey, Odessa; Sergt. N. Trim, Capt. Duncan, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Mrs. Wallace, Ogdensburg.

20 and Over.—Sergt. Vancouver, Montreal I.; Ethel Halpenny, See. Halman, Cand. Dilliburg, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Hippner, P. S.-M. Webber, Montreal II.; Sister Wilkey, St. Johnsbury; See. Jewel, Capt. Clark, Picton; Ensign Slater, Sergt. Shannon, Ottawa I.; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Sergt. Weiss, Burlington; Mrs. Dine, Kingston; Mrs. Buck, Gananoque; J. S. S.-M. Fagerburg, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Mrs. Green, Sergt. Van Etta, Peterboro; Lieut. Legge, Sunbury; Miss Gillian, Renfrew.

West Ontario Province.

72 Hustlers.

Capt. Lighburne, Brantford	175
Capt. Clinansmith, Guelph	175
Sergt. Garde, London	150
Lieut. Beckingham, Stratford	150
Mrs. Adjt. Show, Simcoe	125
Sergt. Proctor, London	125
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, London	120
Lieut. Simpson, Galt	120
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	120
Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas	120
Mrs. Capt. Fenney, Stratford	110
Capt. Richardson, Ridgeway	105
Lieut. Brown, Seaforth	105
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wellandburg	100
Staff-Capt. DeeBray, Brantford	100

90 and Over.—Lieut. Carter, Cederich.

80 and Over.—Capt. Bonney, Norwich; Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas; Mrs. Hurman, Woodstock; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; Ensign Crego, Lieut. Askin, Sarnia.

70 and Over.—Capt. McColl, Tillsonburg; Adjt. Sims, Petrolia; Captain Sharpe, Ingersoll; Lieut. Cunningham, Kingville.

60 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Burton, Woodstock; Capt. Boyd, Clinton; Capt. Patterson, Essex; Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Petrolia; J. S. S.-M. McDonald, Wingham; Capt. Hinckley, Forest.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Harding, Brantford; Lieut. Sister Wakefield, Dresden; Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock; Lieut. Turner, Clinton; Sergt. M. Cutting, Essex; Capt. Kitchen, Leamington; Capt. Green, Palmerston.

40 and Over.—Mary Bell, Chatham; C. C. Thompson, Robt. Walker, Windsor; Lieut. Parks, Blenheim; Capt. More, Wingham; F. S. M. Gilders, Lieut. Robinson, Hopewell; Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Gilbank, Paris.

30 and Over.—Mrs. Jordan, Chatham; Captain Thompson, Thedford; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Listol; Capt. Young, Bothwell; Mrs. Clinansmith, Guelph; Capt. Maisey, Blenheim; Mrs. Lamb, Stratford; J. S. S.-M. Blackwell, Petrolia; Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg; Belle Cartwright, Galt.

20 and Over.—Bro. MacIntyre, Worcester; Capt. Kerswell, Listol; Mrs. Campbell, Woodstock; C. C. Cable, Stratford; Capt. Fenney, Stratford; Miss Blackwell, Petrolia; Sister Hudson, London; Capt. Hippner, Kingville; Grace Green, Ruth Green, Palmerston.

Pacific Province.

31 Hustlers.

Capt. West, Vancouver	175
Mrs. Wilkins, Butte	110
Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls	105

90 and Over.—Nellie Wilkins, Butte; Sergt. McCauley, Spokane; Mrs. Capt. Allan, Millings.

80 and Over.—Capt. Bratz, Spokane; Capt. Popstein, Nelson; Sister Wright, Bellingham.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Davidson, Revelstoke; Sergt. Errington, Vancouver; Capt. Travis, Lieut. Richard Ferne.

40 and Over.—Mrs. Dower, Mrs. Wilkins, Butte; Capt. Jackson, Rossland; Mrs. Holton, Bellingham.

30 and Over.—Capt. Riley, Revelstoke; Sister Bell, Spokane; Capt. Allan, Ensign Dowell, Great Falls.

20 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Bro. Britt, Rossland, Bro. Townsend, Billings; Adjt. Stevens, Capt. Burton, Lewiston; Capt. Quast, Sister Davis, Lieut. Robinson, Missoula; Adjt. Larder, Everett; Sister Scadden, Mt. Vernon.

Territorial Training College.

22 Hustlers.

Cadet Waye, 47; Cadet Lasseter, 47; Cadet Pollard, 42; Cadet Norman, 35; Cadet Champine, 35; Cadet Horwood, 35; Cadet Gray, 33; Cadet Penny, 33; Cadet Leadman, 32; Cadet Meers, 29; Cadet Mowat, 28; Cadet Bearchell, 28; Cadet Hart, 27; Cadet Chatterton, 27; Cadet Stubbs, 27; Cadet Grifith, 26; Cadet Evin, 25; Cadet Clark, 25; Cadet Merdith, 23; Cadet Bryon, 23; Cadet Glikin, 22; Cadet Stairs, 22; Cadet Russell, 22.

S. A. IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

We are Agents for all the leading Railway and Steamship Lines, and book passengers for all parts of the world. Any officers, soldiers, or friends contemplating visiting England, or any other part of the world, or desiring to send for friends, are advised to write for lowest rates, etc., to Brigadier T. Howell, Albert St., Toronto.

MR. HENRY COLVIN.

Leprosy.—(Continued.)

Cause.—Until quite recently the vast amount of study and research which has been expended in studying the nature and cause of leprosy seemed to have proved fruitless. It was ascertained that certain climates, insufficient and injudicious diet, imperfect sanitary regulations, all contributed to the development of this disease. It was found that leprosy occurred chiefly on the sea coast, and was rare in the interior, especially in mountainous regions; yet this was true of cold as well as warm climates. It was assumed that the disease might be contracted from the consumption of stale fish, since it occurred with especial frequency among those whose diet consisted chiefly of fish. In some regions turtles were held responsible for the occurrence of the disease; in others the affection was ascribed to the fat of hogs. Yet these were mere assumptions, and have never been supported by facts of observation.

It was also ascertained beyond question that there was a decided hereditary tendency to the disease, since it appeared far more frequently in the children of leprous parents than in others. In ancient times leprosy was regarded as highly contagious, and suffered from it were distinguished by a particular garb, and were not allowed to come in contact with other people. In some parts of Germany, during the middle ages, leprosy patients were held attached to their clothing, so as to warn others of their approach; they were permitted to go out of their hospitals at night only. They wore black clothing, and a broad, white band on the hat; they carried a cane, with which they pointed out objects which they wished to buy, since it was unlawful for them to touch anything that could be used by a healthy person. In other cases it was the custom whenever an individual contracted the disease, to announce the fact with religious ceremony; at the conclusion of this formality a shovelful of earth was thrown upon his feet as a sign that the person was dead to the church and to the world. Begging was the only occupation permitted to the leprous patient.

Recent states in his "History of Epidemic Diseases," that the city of Harlem had the right to grant to healthy people the privilege of wearing the garb of leprosy patients in order that they might carry on the occupation of begging undisturbed.

In the last century or two the contagiousness of leprosy has been much doubted, and with reason. It seems, for many cases of the disease have occurred in different parts of the world in perfectly healthy communities, where they have been permitted unrestrained personal freedom, yet so far as known no instance has been observed in which the disease has been communicated by such individuals; whence physicians have been inclined to the belief that leprosy is not really contagious.

Such a conclusion neglects the fact, however, that in order that a disease shall be contagious, there must not only be something capable of being transmitted from one individual to another, but also an individual capable of receiving such contagious material. It is doubtless true that leprosy for all practical purposes, is not contagious, since people nowadays are not susceptible to this particular contagion. Yet that the disease can be communicated by contact is abundantly proven by numerous instances which have been observed in recent years in the various countries where the disease is still prevalent. Hansen, for example, reports two cases in Bergen, Norway, where two nurses contracted the disease from patients. Another individual, whose occupation brought him into frequent contact with leprous patients, acquired the disease; shortly afterwards his wife also became affected. After the husband died the wife married again, and her second husband became affected with the disease.

Mirroy reports that a white boy stuck himself with needles with which a leprous child had previously played, and that the former soon afterwards showed signs of the disease. Yet that the disease does not always result from the contact with affected individuals is shown by such instances as the following: Keebler treated a patient nineteen years old, sick with leprosy, whose father remained quite healthy, although he had been married to two women, each suffering from the disease.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

V.—THE ENGLISH.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

Edward was merry and good-natured when not angered, and had quite sense and ability enough to have been a very good king, if he had not been lazy, selfish, and full of vices. He actually set out to conquer France, and then let himself be surrounded over and paid off by the cunning King of France, and went home again a laughing-stock to everybody. As to George, the king had never trusted him since his shameful behavior when Warwick rebelled; besides he was always abusing the Queen's relations, and Richard was always telling the King of all the bad and foolish things he did or said. At last there was a great outbreak of anger, and the king ordered the Duke of Clarence to be imprisoned in the Tower; and there, before long, he too was killed. The saying was that he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine.

DON'T

Leave it to the last moment to decide about your Christmas Gifts, and then blame the Trade Department because you do not get your goods in time. Although we are carrying a heavier stock of Mottoes, Book Marks, Booklets, etc., than ever before, it has received such Japanese bomb-like treatment during the past week that some ominous gaps are becoming apparent on our shelves. It will, therefore, save us and yourself a good deal of

WORRY

If you were to make out your list and send it in at once. Let us know what you want, and we will suit you. As a matter of suggestion we will mention five suitable lines.

Commissioner's Farewell Message. . . .

These sell on sight, and each Officer, or an enterprising Soldier, should get a few samples, and take orders for the same. They should sell at 50c. each, but we have made them as low as possible in selling them at 35c. This may be the last opportunity of securing a First-Class Photo of the Commissioner from what is considered to be

ABOUT

the best Negative that has been made of her. It's "up to you" to order now.

Post Pens. These Pens are selling faster than ever, and are becoming more popular in the States as they are known. It would be difficult to find anything more suitable for a

XMAS

Gift, either for a lady or gentleman, than one of these Pens. Some of our enterprising Officers have secured a few samples, and are taking orders for the same. The prices run from \$3.00 to \$6.00, and we give very liberal terms to Agents.

Brass Instruments.

There has been quite a revival of late in the sale of these goods, and, as expected, we have been able to give such satisfaction, by reason of giving the benefit of our experience, as to prices and merits of the goods, that we are receiving second and third orders from the same corps. By the way, perhaps some corps would like to make their band a Christmas

GIFT

Of this kind. WE HAVE SOLD MORE INSTRUMENTS IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS THAN WE HAVE SOLD FOR YEARS, and we are just beginning. To those who can afford to go, the Army make, we recommend them, but for a real good instrument, at reasonable cost, we can do as well as any, and better than most houses in the trade. REMEMBER, NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO SELL INSTRUMENTS TO CORPS OUTSIDE OF THE TRADE DEPARTMENT, TORONTO.

Officer's Caps.

We have received a large shipment of these. The prices are a little in advance of the old style—F. O.'s, \$2.25; Ensign's and Adjutant's, \$2.50—also other new lines.

Write Us

We shall be pleased to send information on any of the above matters, as to prices, etc.

ADDRESS:

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, TORONTO.

but this is not at all likely to be true. He left two little children, a boy and a girl.

So much cruel slaughter had taken place, that most of the noble families in England had lost many sons, and a great deal of their wealth, and none of them ever became again so mighty as the king-maker had been. His daughter, Anne, the wife of poor Edward of Lancaster, was found by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, hiding as a cook-maid in London, and she was persuaded to marry him—as, indeed, she had always been intended for him. He was a little, thin, slight man, with one shoulder higher than the other, and keen, cunning dark eyes; and as the king was very tall, with a handsome, blue-eyed fair face, people laughed at the contrast, called Gloucester Richard Crookback, and were very much afraid of him.

It was in this reign that books began to be printed in England instead of written. Printing had been found out in Germany a little before, and books had been shown to Henry VI, but the troubles of his time kept him from attending to them. Now, however, Edward's sister, the Duchess of Burgundy, much encouraged a printer named Caxton, whose books she sent her brother, and other presses were set up in London. Another great change had now come in. Long ago, in the time of Henry III, a monk named Roger Bacon had made gunpowder; but nobody used it much until, in the reign of Edward III, it was found out how cannon might be fired with it; and some say it was first used in the battle of Crecy. But it was not until the reign of Edward IV, that smaller guns, such as each soldier could carry one for himself, were invented—harquebuses, as they were called—and after this the whole way of fighting was gradually altered. Printing and gunpowder both made great changes in everything, though not all at once.

King Edward did not live to see the changes. He had hurt his health with his revellings and amusements, and died quite in middle age, in the year 1483; seeing, perhaps, at last, how much better a king he might have been.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We are sending advertising persons in every part of the globe, Informal, and, as far as possible, suited to young persons, and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioners Thomas E. Cawelti, Albermarle Street, Toronto, and send us your name. If a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers and sailors are required to send their names and rank, and the address of the Commandant if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

4655. ALLSOP, JOHN ARCHIBALD. Age 51, height 5ft. 6in., grey eyes. Left Worcester, Mass., for Canada twenty-eight years ago. Father still living.

4619. BONE, MRS. ROSE. Light hair, light complexion. Husband's name Daniel Bone. Last heard of in Lindsay, in July, 1903.



4661. JACKSON, THOMAS. Age 45 years. Left Preston, England, for Canada forty-five years ago. Is supposed to have a large farm near Winnipeg.

4662. EVANS, MRS. ROBERT (nee Curtis). Age 30, height 5ft. 6in., brown hair and eyes, dark complexion. Her husband was last known to work in the Morrissey Mines, B.C. Is supposed to be a Salvationist.

4663. PALMER, MISS. If living, would be 79 years of age, blue-grey eyes, fair complexion, fair hair, rather tall. Left England twenty-five years ago to bring some children to Canada. Her father was at one time Secretary of the Foundling Hospital, St. Pancras, London, Eng.

4664. MCISAACS, ANGUS. Age 23 years, height about 5ft. 6in., dark complexion, brown eyes. Last heard from in Woodsville, in either New Hampshire or the State of Maine.

4665. JOHANSSON, MARTIN, alias JOHNSON. Age 60 years. Native of Ystad, Sweden. Father was a Customs Officer in Sweden. When last heard from, twenty years ago, he kept a restaurant in Montreal.

4666. McCRACKEN, JOHNNY. Age 17 years. Landed in Quebec, from Belfast, Ireland, June 17th. Any information thankfully received.

Second Insertion.

4667. LUNDGREEN, CARL L. Last heard of at Elgin, Ill., in the spring of 1901. May be in the Yukon. Any information thankfully received at the above address.

4668. BAKER, JAMES. Native of Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia. Solicitor by profession. Last heard of in Winnipeg. May have gone to the South African War.

4669. BROADBENT, ELIZABETH. Age 19 years, brown hair, English nationality, domestic. Was last heard of at 330 Union St., St. John, N.B.

Farewell Campaign of Miss Booth.

(Continued from page 13.)

Comparing the past year with eight years ago, our statistics show the following increase:-

"In professed conversions, 14,397."

"Our soldiers have increased 50 per cent., 4,500; our local officers 50 per cent., 4,000. For whole-hearted service and devoted enthusiasm, the Salvation Army soldier of this country has very few equals."

"One of the most important and striking advances made during the past eight years has been with our children's work."

"Our system begins at the earliest age, instructs and governs; follows them to maturity, for we still keep hold of them after they have left school, when they pass from what is known as the junior soldier into the ranks of the Corps-Cadet, which is a form of advanced training—a system of scholastic correspondence. The boys and girls between the ages of ten and eighteen are enrolled in this brigade; lessons are sent to them, and returned by mail. All in this brigade who demonstrate the necessary qualifications for the work are urged to devote their lives to God in the Army, and an astonishingly large percentage of these Corps-Cadets come into the Training Home to be trained as officers. When you have followed child from the age of two to nineteen or twenty, you feel you have somewhat a right to it."

"The work among the children has increased 300 per cent., or nearly twice doubled itself, during the past eight years."

"In this connection I must mention our Newfoundland schools, the launching of which has been such a unique success."

"Perhaps I should make mention of a new departure during the past two years in the form of our Emigration Department. We have every opportunity for doing this work in the most desirable manner, having a department in London, England, which deals with the selecting of the emigrants; sends us previous to their coming all particulars as to their trade, etc., which enables us in many instances to have suitable situations awaiting their arrival. We meet each emigrant, and, if not already spoken for, give them temporary assistance until finding employment."

"During the past season 1,248 have passed through our hands; 1,023 have been sent to situations."

"But perhaps the shout of victory which rings in my ears the loudest, echoes through the long corridors of the great prisons. We had a struggle to get into the prisons; there was a strong prejudice against Salvationists meddling with the victims of the law. But we got in; were so successful in our small efforts that greater privileges were allowed us, which, through God, we used to the very best advantage, until now we have a greater and more wonderful work for truth and righteousness in the prisons of this country than perhaps anywhere else in the world. The Minister of Justice has been himself impressed with the value of the work we are doing, and has given us every assistance, granting us admission into all prisons."

"The work was commenced in 1899. Since then 4,180 men have been interviewed and dealt with in prisons; 3,707 met at prison gates; 2,065 situations have been found for men coming out of prison."

The Commissioner touched on the finances of the Army and then continued:

"And now I must say good-bye. I stretch out my hands to you in a farewell grasp, the friendship of which no distance of land or sweep of sea will sever. Your loving kindness towards me as a people, your good and tender wishes for my happiness and well-being, your ready and generous appreciation of any effort I have put forth for your blessing, your prayers for me when I have been sick, your sympathy with me when I have been in sorrow, and above all your quick following of my leadership for the salvation of the people, has

been all bound to my heart by cords no power can sever. My prayers will ever be with you. My tenderest concern will ever be exercised in your interests; and in parting I would bid you hold fast to the faith you have heard me declare."

"Faith in Jesus—able to save to the uttermost; faith in Jesus—Comforter in all our sorrows; faith in Jesus—able to be our Guide, even unto death."

"Hold fast to the flag of the Salvation Army, that waves in every land and clime for the salvation of all men."

"Its principles have shaken the world. Its full story of uplifting, ingathering, delivering, and triumph can never be told."

"Contend for it! Uphold it! Be faithful to it! Stand by each other! Remember all the regiments of hell cannot break through the line. 'Unity' forms the red line of Cavalry love."

"For my successor I can but ask that you will love and follow him as you have loved and followed me."

"Then, my comrades, we shall meet again beyond the seas of life, which have billowed up with sorrows—the waves of care which have smitten us; the billows of bereavement which have swept over us; the tempest of

temptation which has thrown us back into darkness and threatened to destroy us—all passed, all crossed, and the Gospel fleet will sail into harbor with tattered flags afly, and its precious freight of immortal souls saved and safe on board, while the eternal hills will echo and re-echo with the booming of the welcome guns from the Celestial battles.

"Oh, there and then, where the robes glisten and the streets are golden and the fountains are eternal and the flowers are imperishable, and the gladness of the children and the rapture of re-union and the glory of the crowning is from everlasting to everlasting! I will meet you there!"

Brief addresses were also delivered by Rev. Mr. Hincks, Alderman Emerson Coatsworth, and the Revs. Winchester and Freeman.

Intense excitement prevailed as a slender cord was pulled. A large flag representing Newfoundland was unfurled, then the Pacific Coast, the East, North-West Province, East Ontario, Central Province, and West Ontario. When the completed Territory was represented by these banners a motto also stood out in bold letters, expressive of every heart:

"God be With You Till We Meet Again." —Pry.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

THE HOMELAND.

(Printed by request. Sung with much success by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.)

1 The homeland, oh, the homeland, the land of the free-born;
There's no night in the homeland, but aye the fadless morn;
I'm sighing for the homeland, my heart is aching here,
There'll be no pain in the homeland to which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the homeland, with angels bright and fair,
There'll be no sin in the homeland, and there's no temptation there.
The music of the homeland is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the homeland my eyes are filled with tears.

My loved ones in the homeland are waiting me to come,
While neither death nor sorrow invades their heavenly home.
Oh, dear, dear, native country, oh, land of rest above;
Christ bring us all to the homeland of Thy redeeming love.

CHRIST WITH US.

Tune.—Dear Jesus is the One I Love.

2 Alas! what many dangerous straits
We daily have to pass along
Before we reach the pearl gates,
And join the conqueror's song.

Dear Jesus is the One I love.

How many souls there are to-day
Who once were foremost in the light;
Their Saviour failed they to obey,
Now no more are walking in the light.
Though many storms they did withstand,
They struck at last the rock of sin,
And letting go the mighty Hand,
Were forced by Satan to give in.

Backslider, give up all your sin,
And seek the meek and lowly One,
And heaven you at last shall win.
And hear the Master's glad "Well done!"

F. Moore, Bermuda.

CASTING MY CARE ON JESUS.

Tune. Swance River.

3 I know my enemy, the devil.
Would cast me down;
Accuse me night and day of evil,
And rob me of my crown.
The Lord has taught me how to beat him,
By faith and prayer;

And looking up with hope defeat him,
Prince of the power of air.

Casting all my care on Jesus,
I am fully blest;
From all my worries He releases,
And gives me perfect rest.

Christ is the fount of life and gladness.

Food for the soul;
Savior from every sin and madness,
Making completely whole.
Heart once black, an evil conscience,
Cleansed in the blood,
Fullness of joy is in God's presence,
I boldly come to God. C. C. G.

I'M CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Tunes.—Manchester (N.E.B. 47); I Am Clinging to the Cross (N.B.B. 37).

4 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

I am clinging to the cross.
The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' precious feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

O precious cross! O golden crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the heavens come down
And bear my soul away.

GLORY TO HIS NAME!

Tune.—Glory to His Name! (N.B.B. 230).

5 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name!

Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
Now to my heart is the blood applied,
Glory to His name!

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus does always abide within,
There at the cross where He took me in,
Glory to His name!

Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name!

Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day and he made complete,
Glory to His name!